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THE
WOODSTOCK LETTERS

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A TRIP THROUGH THE VISAYAN ISLANDS

Baguio, May 8, 1923.

Dear Father Editor:

Father Morning, Mr. Hurley, and I have just returned from a trip through the Visayan Islands, which are South of Luzon, and perhaps the brief account of our work, and the experiences we met along the line may be of interest to the future missionaries of this truly wonderful vineyard of Our Lord.

There were several reasons which prompted our journey. Naturally, some of the families who had been sending their sons to the Ateneo for years felt a shock when the old historic college changed over to American Government. We were perfect strangers to them and became the instructors and guides of their most precious possession, their sons, and parent-like, they wondered who these American Jesuits were in whose hands they were leaving the welfare of their children. Besides, many of these old families were convinced that all Americans were Protestants. Those fathers and mothers who were fortunate enough to come to Manila during the school year and who met us, became, in most cases, our friends, and were pleased with the new regime of the Ateneo. But out in the provinces there were many parents of the boys who had never met our kind, so we decided to beard the lion in his den, and let them have the experience of three live American Jesuits actually entering their houses and talking to them. This, then, was one reason for our trip, to get to know the people and try to become better acquainted with their customs, so that we could, in future, manage the Ateneo in a way more suited to the character of the boys who come to us. By going out to the homes of the boys an answer would be

given to the objection heard from the parents during the past year: "We find it hard to visit the Ateneo because all the Fathers are strangers to us."

Another reason which urged us to start out was in order that the people in general, and especially the unfortunate boys attending the many cheap and attractive schools of the Protestants, might know of the work being done at the Ateneo, of the change which had taken place, and of the different courses of studies being offered at our college.

Armed, then, with three sets of lantern slides on the Life of Our Lord, the Miracles at Lourdes, and the Ateneo activities, we left Manila on Saturday, April 5, on the inter-island steamer "Viscaya," and arrived the following Monday morning at our first stop, the city of Iloilo in the Island of Panay. Father Edwin Byrne, late of Philadelphia, and now secretary to Bishop McCloskey of the Jaro diocese, was on the pier, and much to our surprise, since the Iloilo carnival had finished at 2 o'clock that morning, just three and a half hours before our arrival, some of the Ateneo boys, very sleepy, but with a broad smile, were on hand with their autos to welcome us as we stepped on shore.

During the week or more that we stayed in Iloilo we lived in the Bishop's House in Jaro, a little town about four kilometers across the river from Iloilo. He treated us in a most cordial manner, co-operated with our plans in every way, even putting at our constant disposal his "Dodge" car. Bishop McCloskey, formerly of Philadelphia, has worked among the negroes of the Southern States, was a missionary in Mindanao, and in his present position as Bishop of Jaro is successor to His Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty.

Our plan in the many towns we visited was as follows: During the day, morning and afternoon, we visited the families of the boys, and, in the evening, beginning about 6 o'clock until supper, which is usually about 8 o'clock here, we showed our slides and gave talks on the Life of Our Lord, Lourdes, or Catholic Education.

The visiting of family after family was more or less tedious, especially since in nine out of every ten houses we went to, the host insisted that we have, what to them is the typical American drink, beer. However, in many of the towns ice is never seen, and so you can imagine the merit we gained by persevering to taste many glasses of warm beer, a

performance which would have landed us in jail in the States, but which here only succeeded in gaining for us a secure place in the esteem of our hosts, for, you know, to refuse the hospitality of a Philippino is the same as insulting him.

In these visits our poor Spanish flowed freely enough to carry on a conversation, and this fact gave our hosts and hostesses their second pleasant shock, for now they realized that American Jesuits were not only a reality, but were actually sitting in their houses and trying, by the aid of many gestures and brotherly co-operation, to carry on a conversation in Spanish. It was interesting to watch, in some cases, the process of welcome. At our entrance, some were rather cool; after a little while the host manifested some degree of warmth; but when we started in poor Spanish some commonplaces about the weather, their welcome took on a tropical warmth and we became close friends, conversing about all sorts of topics. This, by the way, will give an answer to the question of some of the future missionaries out here: "Is Spanish useful in the Philippines?" In dealing with the parents of the boys Spanish is very useful and in many cases necessary, if you wish to converse at all; but with the rising generation who are being taught only English, Spanish is not necessary. In all the families we visited we met only one or two parents who could talk neither English nor Spanish, and in these cases the son would act as interpreter for his father or mother, who would converse in one of the native dialects.

While stopping at the Bishop's House and listening to accounts of his experiences, and while travelling around the diocese of Jaro, we became quite well acquainted with the conditions of the typical mission field of the Philippines. After Manila, which is the largest archdiocese in the world, Jaro is the largest diocese of the Philippines. It includes the large islands of Panay, Negros, and the Ronblon group, besides countless other small islands. Some idea of the extent of the Jaro diocese may be had from the fact that it takes the bishop four years to make his visitation and even then, as he says himself, it is not done properly. In his last trip around, he came to a town where there had been no bishop for 30 years, and no priest for five or six, but still the people, like the old Christians of Japan, gathered every Sunday in the church and recited the rosary, while an old man took care of the baptisms.

The conditions in this diocese will be a surprise to some of the future Philippine missionaries. It includes some 3,000,000 souls. There are 35 churches without priests, and each priest has an average of 10,000 souls to take care of, scattered in two or three towns. To travel to the towns under his care is a feat during the dry season, but practically an impossibility during the rainy season, when in some places the only mode of travel is the *banca,* the native canoe. Add to these conditions the sad fact that many of the native priests are not conspicuous for their zeal and you can imagine the sad state of affairs in parts of this diocese. Everywhere we went the cry was for priests, priests and more priests.

While we are on this point some of those back home may sit up and pause when they hear that the Philippine Islands are the most abandoned Catholic Mission in the world. The following facts gathered by Father Byrne, secretary to the Jaro bishop, are rather astounding. In the Philippines there are about 8,000,000 Catholics with one priest for every 10,000. In India there is one priest for about every 850; in China the average is almost one priest for every 750, while in Borneo, which is only two days from Manila, there are 5,000 Catholics and 20 priests, which means one priest for every 250 souls!

A noticeable fact is that the Protestant forces make a special attack on those places where the priests are scarce or lacking in zeal. The Bishop of Jaro, has strong Protestant organizations to contend with, notably Silliman Institute and the Iloilo Central School, two rich Protestant centers which are using diabolical means to rob the young Philippino of his Faith. If these people succeeded in making good Protestants of these boys the objection would be grave enough, but the result of all their labors so far has been to inculcate religious indifferentism. As these schools are endowed, they can offer to the poor boy, anxious to get an education, both tuition and board for a sum far less than ours. They state explicitly in their catalogues that there will be no attempt to win the boys over to Protestantism, but nevertheless there is daily chapel for all, bible classes of obligation, and in Silliman, which is situated in Dumagete, Negros Oriental, the Catholic students are not allowed to attend Mass in the church which is only five minutes' walk from the college. Another diabolical scheme this college employs is to admit three classes of students, the first of which consists of those who enter to

study for the ministry. Usually the tuition in this course is offered free, and the students have entire freedom and access to all parts of the college grounds and buildings. The second class consists of those who enter as Protestants, or who submit to Protestant baptism after their entrance. These enjoy privileges not so great as the first class, but still very attractive. The third class consists of the Catholic students whose privileges are few and far between, and whose Faith is the object of many underhand attacks. We heard they even go so far as to refuse a boy his diploma unless he submits to their baptism.

Protestant dormitories, dispensaries, where medicine is handed out free with the proviso that you come to their services next Sunday, agents at the Manila wharves during June, when the young men and women come to the city to begin their classes, the duty of said agents being to invite the young people for a ride and at the end urge them strongly to come and live in the Protestant dormitory, are only some of the means used by these energetic enemies of the Church. With the risk of tiring some of the readers of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS, I am going to insert a letter of propaganda sent out by the Protestant forces of Manila to the presidents of all the graduating classes of public schools throughout the islands. We happened on it in a very fortunate way. It was sent to the president of the Iloilo High School, who happened at the same time to be the president of Father Byrne's Jaro Catholic Truth Society, and who promptly turned it over to the proper authorities. The note of insincerity and flattery is evident:

"THE UNION SCHOOLS.

"MANILA, March 19, 1923.

"The President of the Graduating Class:

"Heartiest congratulations to you upon your graduation and upon your position as President of your class. We wish you and your classmates many years of brilliant achievement for the welfare of this beloved country.

"I sent you, through one of our friends, a copy of the *Beacon Light* which was published by the Union College students. This costs one peso fifty each, but we are making you a present of this copy so that you may put it in the school library.

"I also enclosed what I thought would be enough copies of the preliminary announcements of the Union College, so that you could give one to each member of the graduating class which elected you as its President.

"Will you be so kind as to let me know whether you received the *Beocon Light,* and as a further favor I wish to ask you for the names and addresses of the graduating class on the blank page which I herewith enclose. Will you please indicate which is the valedictorian and which is the salutatorian of the class. We are offering them free scholarships covering their tuition. We wish to make you a similar offer, not based on scholarship, as in their case, but upon service. If you can secure three members of your class to attend Union College next year we will be convinced of your executive ability, and will wish to have you in this institution where we are seeking to secure the finest men in the Philippines as students. We will therefore offer you a full scholarship covering tuition and fees, if you can secure any three members of your class to come with you. We will do this because we will prize your presence in helping on the spirit of our school, where we already have a school spirit which wins the hearts of all who come, whether pupils or teachers.

"I am enclosing a few more of the preliminary announcements to be used in any way you wish. This letter, I hope, will be the beginning of a personal friendship between you and myself as well as the rest of the Union College Faculty.

"Thanking you for an early reply, I am,

"Cordially yours, etc."

And the sad part is that this letter has undoubtedly fallen into the hands of many a poor Catholic boy unable to pay for his own education, and who will be taken in by this bait of Satan.

The work which is being done by Father Byrne, secretary to the Bishop of Jaro, and the only American priest in the large diocese, was a revelation and an inspiration to us. He has established Catholic Truth Societies in all the large towns, and he tends to each one personally at great inconvenience, as, for instance, the one in Dumagete, which takes an entire week to reach and return; he teaches catechism, is spiritual director of the College of the Assumption in Iloilo; he is prepared to open in June, a Catholic High School in one of the largest towns of the diocese, and in Iloilo, right across the

street from the Protestant dormitory, he is opening a hall to be run by himself on the plan of the K. of C. hut during the World War. In addition to these activities he attends to all the secretarial work of the diocese, and for the next four or five months, during the absence of the bishop, he will have full charge of the extensive diocese. Father Byrne is absolutely fearless and tireless; but what is one among so many?

One incident will give you an idea of the fighting Faith one needs in certain places over here. Father Byrne was giving a conference to his Catholic Truth Society in the parish church of Capiz, the extreme northern town of the island of Panay. As is his custom, he allowed questions at the end of the talk. Two natives strolled into the church during the questioning, and Father Byrne suspected immediately some mischief, because one of them was a renegade and the other the Protestant minister of the town. One of them asked a question, and when Father Byrne answered, they gave a laugh of scorn which rang through the church, and added: "That answer is no good."

Father Byrne then told them they were disturbing his meeting, and requested them to leave the church if they were not in quest of the truth. They defied him, and as he went down the aisle to show them the door in a gentlemanly way, one of them struck a blow which missed its mark. Now Father Byrne's Irish blood was up, and, being physically big and strong, he grabbed the fellow in order to eject him before he could make a scene in the church. As he did so the Protestant minister, who all the time hung back, drew a revolver and was aiming it straight at Father Byrne, who was all unconscious of the intent on his life in his efforts to get the other rascal out of the church. The children of the Catholic Truth Society, seeing the pistol, ran down through the church and stood between the would-be murderer and their spiritual director and prevented the shot from being fired. When they saw their plans were frustrated the two made their escape. Father Byrne was about to continue the lecture, when the young men and women told him how near he came to being shot by the Protestant minister.

I have dwelt with such length on the work being done in the Jaro diocese, because it is typical of the other dioceses of the Philippines, and especially because, while we were in Jaro, the bishop sent a very urgent appeal to Father Vilallonga, S.J., superior of the mission here, for the Jesuits to

enter his diocese. The appeal has been sent to Rome, and, if granted, the Jaro diocese may be the scene of the labors of some of ours.

Our next stop, after Iloilo and Jaro, was the town of Capiz, in the province of Capiz, about 150 kilometers north, and the scene of the story we just told of Father Byrne's narrow escape. We were given a fine welcome by the Catholic Truth Society. We showed our slides twice, the second time before a large audience in the hall of the *convento*. While in Capiz we met with an interesting experience. The father of one of the boys, a fine type of educated Philippino gentleman, was taking us around to the families we were to visit. In one visit the lady of the house met us at the foot of the stairs, and our guide introduced us as three American Jesuits from the Ateneo de Manila. She gave us a half smile of welcome and while we proceeded upstairs she called our guide aside, and, as he afterwards told us, asked:

"Who are they?"

"Three American Jesuits from the Ateneo."

"Americans? Jesuits? Impossible! All Americans are Protestants!"

However, when we told her that there were about 23,000,000 Catholics in the United States, and that there were more than three thousand of our species and that we had real live colleges in the States, which were educating thousands of boys, she quickly became our friend.

While in Capiz we met a sad victim of the Protestant net which is spread to catch the young boys attending the public high school. Ten students were living in the Protestant dormitory, and one of them, a Catholic, was warned by Father Byrne, secretary to the Jaro bishop, to leave the dormitory, because of the great dangers there to his soul. About two weeks after the warning of the priest, the ten boys were gathered in the dormitory on Sunday morning and the little Catholic boy, who did not go to Mass, was with them. There being no supervision of any kind in the dormitory, a Protestant inmate picked a quarrel with this Catholic boy. They fought in a playful way for an hour, when finally the Catholic boy, without any serious intention, struck at the other with a pair of scissors, which pierced the heart of the Protestant boy, who fell dead on the floor.

We visited the poor young boy in the prison, and it was sad indeed to see him, only 18 years old, in stripes, with a 12-

year sentence in Bilibid before him. However, he is but a type of the many victims of the godless conditions which surround the public schools here, and which, in two cases at least, recent investigations have proven to be breeding houses of immorality, with the teachers and, in one case, with a principal, involved.

On our return journey to Iloilo we stopped off at Sigma, a town of about 10,000 souls, and were most agreeably surprised at the fine work one of our boys from fourth year high school was doing. He has founded a Sodality in honor of Our Lady, which meets every week during vacation, and during the month of May gathers around the altar of our Queen, decorated by their own hands, to say the rosary and sing hymns in her honor.

During last Holy Week a band of Protestant missionaries arrived in this town. Our Ateneo boy heard about it and went up to the house of the presidente of the town where the Protestants were asking permission to use the town plaza in order to hold a drive for new members of their sect that afternoon at 4 o'clock. It was about 11 A. M., and our young hero went right into their midst and welcomed them as if he himself was the presidente. Quite a crowd of the town folk gathered around, and were very much surprised to hear the only Ateneo boy of Sigma welcoming these Protestants.

"I hear you have come to our town to get some new members for your church. Well, I will be the first to sign up if you will prove to me that your church is the true church of Christ."

The crowd was increasing and a murmur of great surprise ran from lip to lip, "Our Ateneo boy wants to be a Protestant!"

The leader of the Protestants tried the impossible while our young apostle listened attentively. When the explanation was finished, and the Protestant leader thought he had won a great victory, and perhaps had visions of the whole town adopting him as their idol, he was halted by a pertinent question:

"But one thing I cannot understand is, if you claim your church was founded by Christ, how is it that it did not begin to exist until almost 1600 years after Christ's stay on earth?"

The Protestant leader was stalled; he had not thought of that before. A titter ran through the crowd, and our young friend followed with a few more questions, evidently not

touched on in Protestant theology, and before long the Protestant band, which had come to convert the town of Sigma, was the laughing stock of the crowd. Needless to say, when 4 o'clock struck from the town church there were no signs of a Protestant meeting in the plaza, and today, due to our young lay apostle's efforts, Sigma can boast of what has been its glory for years,—a population entirely Catholic. The town has no priest of its own, and as is the usual method, the Protestants make such a place the object of their special efforts. Had they succeeded in holding that meeting, some would surely have fallen by the wayside.

A sail of about two and a half hours brought us to the beautiful island of Negros, where, due to the kindness of Don Jose Ledesma, an old alumnus of the Ateneo, a beautiful house with two or three servants and a Buick "six" car were at our disposal during the five days we remained there. In fact, every place we went we met alumni of the college, graduates of the old Spanish days, who were very glad to see the American fathers, and who had many questions to ask about the new regime, and who did innumerable acts of kindness for us.

With the help of the auto we were able to show our slides in Bocolod and Saravia and to visit many families along the coast of Negros Occidental. This is the great sugar district of the Philippines. As we drove along the road, for miles on either side was the waving cane, and every 10 or 15 kilometers the chimney of a large sugar central, where the sugar is prepared before being sent to the States, could be seen smoking in the distance. We visited one central which handled about a thousand tons of cane a day. The process is extremely interesting, but a description of it, I am sure, would be tiresome to listen to.

We showed our pictures and gave the talks with them in the moving picture theatre of Silay. While we were waiting in the back of the hall for the crowd to gather, a Philippino gentleman came up to us saying that he was very anxious to talk to one of us in private. We suspected a case of conscience, so we stepped back while Father Morning went with him to a quiet part of the hall. Our suspicions were true; the man had not been to confession for 20 years and, hearing the Jesuits were coming, he decided to clean up. The next day Father Morning went to his house, heard his confession in Spanish, and the following morning, in the town church, the

man received Communion. After Mass he met us with tears of joy in his eyes and the smile of a peaceful conscience on his face. I tell this incident to show the importance of Spanish over here.

Another consoling experience was ours in Saravia. We met a Catholic boy who was attending Silliman School, the Protestant stronghold we told you of above. The boy was disgusted with the place, since they had tried to force him to be baptized. He begged his father to let him go to the Ateneo, but Silliman was cheaper and so he must continue there. We told the boy to bring his father that night to see the pictures. He came, and the desired effect was accomplished. The father gave his boy permission to come to the Ateneo next June.

We remained in Negros from Monday until Friday, when we returned to Iloilo in order to catch the boat for Cebu, the last point of our journey. And now we have a bit of advice for all future missionaries to the Philippines: Remember the "Hoiching," the Chinese boat which plies between Iloilo and Cebu, a journey of two nights and a day. Its salient features are plenty of dirt, no soap or towels, scarcity of water, a preference for cargo and freight with passengers a second consideration, a quick response to the least movement of the sea with the usual unpleasant feeling in the stomachs of the passengers, and cabins heated to about 98 degrees by the boilers beneath. These are but a few of the attractions of the "Hoiching" by day. During the night a few more are added. It would be a physical impossibility to sleep in the cabins at night, not only because of the heat, but also because of the presence of many small and very sociable creatures. Nevertheless, the cabin boy informed us that it was the privilege of first-class passengers to sleep in their cabins. We gladly sacrificed the privilege, and he arranged army cots for us out on the deck. The number of passengers was large, and many of them had brought along live chickens or a dog. So you can imagine the peaceful night's rest we had with the army cots jammed together, dogs and chickens voicing objections and the "Hoiching" never missing the crest or trough of every wave she met. Dawn brought us to the wharf of Bais, Negros Oriental, where some of our boys lived, so with Father Morning's Mass kit and with our number increased to five by the addition of an Irish Redemptorist and a native priest, we disembarked to say Mass and return to the ship at 8 o'clock,

when she was to leave for the next town. The wharf was much longer than it appeared. A walk of an hour brought us to a house where we decided to ask the privilege of saying Mass. It was the only house in sight, but upon entering we found it to be the home of Aglypianos. It was now 7:30, too late to return to the "Hoiching," so we hailed the omnipresent Ford and started off for the town church, four kilometers away, where we said Mass and where we were welcomed by some of our Ateneo boys, who treated us to a most welcome breakfast, and who persuaded us to stay for dinner. At about 2:30 P. M. we started in our Ford for a most delightful ride of 45 kilometers along a road bordered on one side by tall, graceful cocoanut trees and on the other by the sea. The end of this ride brought us to the town of Dumagete, Negros Oriental, and the home of the Protestant school we spoke of above, Silliman College, and also to our steamer friend the "Hoiching," which was waiting to bring us across to the island of Cebu.

Father Byrne, secretary to the Bishop of Jaro, had telegraphed ahead to his Catholic Truth Society, and the members had gathered to welcome us. We called on the town padre, an old Spanish Recoleto. Immediately we suggested we show our slides that evening, as the "Hoiching" was not leaving until 7 o'clock. He gave a reluctant consent with an attitude which seemed to say: "Here are three Americans coming in here at short notice and disturbing the usual peaceful proceedings of my convento." However, when he bade us farewell he said most heartily: "Come again next year, and if you cannot stay a whole week at least, do not come at all."

So while Mr. Hurley gathered the Catholic Truth Society together for a conference, Father Morning and I jumped in an auto and made for the "Hoiching" in order to get the slides, the lantern and all the necessary outfit for the lecture. During our absence the "Hoiching" had taken on a tremendous cargo of hemp, which was piled all the way up to the second deck, so the only way we could get to our cabin was to climb on hands and knees up over the hemp. There we met the taciturn first mate and boldly asked him to delay the departure of his much esteemed ship as we desired to give an illustrated lecture in the town. He seemed flattered at such a request, but nevertheless he was absolutely rigid and only answered:

"A las siete en punto!"

So down over the hemp we slid with slides, lantern, etc., and were back in the convent, and had rigged up the curtain and started to show the pictures on the Life of Our Lord before 6 o'clock. Father Morning gave a brief explanation of the pictures and finished in record time—a quarter to seven. Not forgetting the "Hoiching" was under full steam, we gathered things together hurriedly and, amid protestations from the old padre, the nuns in charge of the parish school, and the members of the Catholic Truth Society, we bade farewell. We must have presented a queer picture with Mr. Hurley carrying the lantern, red hot after the lecture, Father Morning with the reostat, also red hot, and I carrying the sheet and two native boys bringing up the rear with the box of slides and a valise. We dashed up to the "Hoiching" *a las siete en punto* per orders of the first mate. But the boat did not move until 8 o'clock, much to our disappointment and disgust, at which time, the captain, a fat, easy-going person, came on board, waved to the first mate to "let her go," and then told how much he had enjoyed a supper in the house of a friend in town, at which the time had slipped by so quickly that he did not know it was so late. He seemed tickled when we told him: "You are a worthy captain of the 'Hoiching.' "

We arrived in the city of Cebu, on the island of Cebu, the following morning at 7 o'clock. On the pier to welcome us was a large number of our boys headed by Father Cuenco, a fine type of native priest, alumnus of Georgetown, with a post-graduate at Santa Clara, and now secretary to the Bishop of Cebu, editor of two papers and a most zealous worker for Our Lord. During the five days we spent in Cebu we lived in an old house of the Society, lost at the time of the suppression and now used as diocesan seminary under the care of the Spanish Fathers of Saint Vincent de Paul. The seal of the Society still greets you as you enter the front door.

The native Bishop of Cebu, Father Cuenco and Mr. Cuenco, are a trio of apostles who are doing much not only to protect but also to advance the Kingdom of Christ here. There exists in this diocese a very dangerous masonic organization of 3,000 members called the "Legionarios de Trabajo," whose members forswear confession on entrance. The bishop, as soon as he heard of the existence of such a diabolical scheme, published a letter whereby all the Legionarios were excommunicated unless they retracted. In the meantime Mr.

Cuenco started his "Hijos de Pueblo," a Catholic organization offering to the poorer classes the same advantages as the Legionarios. In two weeks after the bishop's letter was promulgated the "Hijos de Pueblo" numbered 1,000 with a corresponding decrease among the Legionarios. One native priest, who must have a bit of Irish blood in his veins, promulgated the letter in a novel way. He called to the convento all the Legionarios in his parish and told them plainly the orders of the bishop. Then he dismissed them; called in their wives, and told them the same with the added injunction that it was their solemn duty to see that their husbands retracted. The scheme worked perfectly. The Legionarios of that town had no peace and very little to eat until they had signed up with the "Hijos de Pueblo."

In Cebu we showed our pictures and gave talks under the auspices of the "Hijos de Pueblo" and the Knights of Columbus. During our journey around the Visayan Islands we had, up until coming to Cebu, shown our pictures under every imaginable circumstance, but in this city we crowned all previous efforts when we entered the hall assigned us by the Knights of Columbus. We found it to be a boxing club, and the only available place to fix up the lantern was in the ring. So nothing daunted, Mr. Hurley climbed through the ropes in one corner and Father Cuenco in the other. All that was lacking was the sound of the gong and some one to announce the contestants for the Ecclesiastical championship.

On Saturday, April 28, the Irish Redemptorist Fathers invited us to visit them on the small island of Mactan, just half an hour sail from Cebu. There they have a very fine church, house and a school with an enrollment of 1,000 children, who came from the neighboring islands. These men who have been in the Philippines about 12 years speak the native dialect of their district fluently and are doing most wonderful work for souls. Their area comprises some 3,000,000 inhabitants. The method they use is to go out in bands of four from town to town, staying in each place a month during which time they preach, catechise, baptize, hear confessions of thousands, teach the people new hymns in honor of Our Lady and the Sacred Heart, fix up from 600 to 700 marriages in each town, and, at the close of the monthly mission, they have a big procession in honor of Our Lady in which the Aglypianos join and afterwards make a public retraction in the town plaza. With their present numbers of

workers, they will, by spending a month in each town, cover their area in 30 years without being in the same town twice. Here, as in no other part, we heard the cry, "Priests, priests, and more priests!"

We enjoyed our short stay with the Redemptorist Fathers very much, and while on this island of Mactan visited the most historical spot in the Philippines, the place where Magellan landed and where he was killed by the then savage natives. We left the island in a small native sailboat. As we glided past the home of these zealous Redemptorists, Father O'Callahan, who had travelled with us on the "Hoiching," came to the window and waved a parting blessing with the Sinn Fein flag.

Early Monday morning, April 30, we started in autos for our last town, Birili, on the opposite shore of the island of Cebu, which was reached after a most picturesque two-hour ride over the mountains. Here, as in all other places, we visited the families, by day, and in the evening, showed the pictures. The parish priest had announced our coming the day before at Mass, and so the whole town was waiting for us. A bamboo stage, decorated with palms, was erected in the public plaza, which meant that our last appearance was an open-air affair with practically the whole town as an audience. When we had finished, Father Cuenco stood up on a table in the midst of the crowd and delivered a most eloquent address, first in English and then in his native dialect, praising the work of the Society in the Philippines and urging the parents present to send their sons to the Ateneo.

We slept that night in Birili, and early next morning motored back to Cebu, where we took dinner with the Provincial Governor, an alumnus of the Ateneo, an excellent Catholic and Knight of Columbus. At 4 o'clock that afternoon we boarded the "Belgika" for Manila. Just before we left the port a group of our boys came down laden with two large baskets of the choicest of all native fruits, the mango, a large cake and two jars of cocoanut prepared in the inimitable native style. Several prominent men also came to bid us farewell and to introduce us to the captain and steward of the ship.

We arrived in Manila Thursday morning, May 3, at about 6 o'clock. Our journey lasted about a month, and Father Rector welcomed us back just in time to hand over the temporary management of the college to Father Morning, while

he, Mr. Hurley and I continued on to Baguio where we are now enjoying the cool mountain air. Father Rector is down the road about two kilometers giving a retreat to the Christian Brothers.

We open classes again on June 19. Maybe this time next year some of us will greet you in person.

Sincerely in Christ,

Raymond R. Goggin, S.J.

TOUR OF THE CANISIUS HIGH SCHOOL DEBATERS.

School activities are seldom noticed in the public press except on the sporting page. Widespread public interest in a high school activity other than athletics is the rarest exception. But that exception was strikingly evident in Buffalo, N. Y., this spring, when the attention of the city was centered on the efforts of the debating team of Canisius High School, Buffalo. The achievements of these seventeen year old students were commemorated by editorials, pictures and columns of press matter not only in Buffalo, but across the country, while the young orators traveled over 7000 miles to champion the advantages of their city. This venture has an educational significance. Its beneficial influence was not restricted to the four students who were finally chosen to represent the school after a long series of elimination contests. So memorable an experience could not but leave them with a broader and more mature vision. To every student at the school it brought the realization that prominence in athletics is not the only success worth the striving. To the two hundred odd members of the debating societies it brought new inspiration and encouragement. Besides there were distinct advantages for the school. It was complimented for fostering so representative a student activity at a time when over-emphasis on athletics is widespread, and the excellence of the debaters was attributed to the course of studies they followed. All this is better appreciated by understanding the conditions which made the venture possible and by reviewing the leading incidents in its fulfilment.

It has been the custom at Canisius High School to schedule for each spring a series of interscholastic debates. These debates are intersectional, bringing the debating team during the Easter holidays into another section of the country. For these debates the subject chosen is one which awakens intersectional rivalry, because of the conflict of interests or of sentiment which its discussion provokes. Thus the interest in intersectional debates is enhanced.

In the spring of 1921 the school's debaters visited a number of the middlewestern cities for public debates with teams of leading schools on the question of the approval of the St. Lawrence Project. This project at that time was unanimously favored in the cities visited while it was opposed generally in Buffalo. The Canisius debaters arguing against the convictions of the audience won decisions in opposition to local thought and sentiment. These victories were widely heralded back in Buffalo, where the debaters were considered as champions of a local cause, and upon their return they were often called upon to speak during the movement, which organized opposition to the project in Buffalo.

In the spring of 1922 another team of debaters toured the southern states arguing against the political solidarity of the South. Their opponents in the different Southern cities were teams of representative schools, whose authorities welcomed the opportunity to champion a policy so much respected by Southerners. In many instances the coming of the Buffalo debaters marked the first appearance of a northern scholastic team in the city visited, and this guaranteed large audiences. From a series of debates warmly contested, because there was at stake so much more than the mere decision, the Canisius debaters returned without a defeat.

For this spring a more ambitious project was suggested by conditions at Buffalo. The city is about to pass through the most significant development of her history. The coming of new industries and a change in industrial conditions and requirements which shows Buffalo's assets in a most favorable light have awakened a newborn enthusiasm which is growing to fever heat. Widespread discussion of the inevitable boom focused the interest of the city on its possibilities for development. It was evident that an attempt to champion those possibilities would command interest and support. So when Canisius announced that it proposed to send a debating team to the

leading cities of the country to argue that Buffalo's advantages for development excelled those of each particular city the approval was unanimous. From then on the press reported every step in the project which gradually took on the aspect of a city movement. There was a unanimous willingness to cooperate. Every available reference was placed at the disposal of the debaters, and prominent business men offered to discuss Buffalo from their viewpoint. The leading organizations of the city endorsed the project. Such endorsements made it possible to raise all the money required to finance the project by individual subscriptions from the leading business concerns.

Challenges were sent to 107 schools in an attempt to complete a satisfactory schedule. The proposal was finally accepted by leading schools in Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, Omaha, Denver, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Kansas City, St. Louis, Indianapolis and Pittsburgh. In each city the local debaters were to defend the advantages of that particular city in comparison with those of Buffalo. This required that the Canisius debaters prepare information not only about their own city, but also about every one of the cities where debates were scheduled. But the toilful hours and the grinding practice of the long period of preparation were fully justified.

Before they left Buffalo the debaters were feted by the principal clubs of the city, whose members gave them an enthusiastic send-off. The evening before the departure there was a large public gathering at the convention hall. Messages came from every quarter bringing good wishes, and as the train pulled away from the crowded depot, which echoed with encouraging cheers, the debaters felt that more could not have been done to send them away with the approval and confidence of the city they were to champion.

Every city did its utmost to welcome and entertain the debaters and impress them with its hospitality and advantages. There were sight-seeing trips and banquets at which clever speakers extolled the daring of the visiting debaters. News papers flaunted pictures of the "schoolboy orators" and carried interviews. The banks of Buffalo had subscribed a fund to pay for half page notices in the newspapers of the cities visited. But such notices were not required to insure an audience. Everywhere the very novelty of the contest and the

challenge it carried to local pride caused the big hall to be crowded. In some cases three or four hundred stood in the aisles throughout the contest.

The scene of all the debates was about the same. The serious looking Chairman of Debate (usually the Mayor of the city) introduced the three visitors who looked down from the platform on an audience of strangers. It was very evident that as the hometown debaters brought forth familiar arguments they would be greeted with enthusiastic applause, for local pride is a powerful influence. It was inevitable that the visiting debaters must speak to an unresponsive audience, for they were breaking new ground. But the fairmindedness of American audiences was evidenced in the rebuttals. For then the comparisons, which were the basis of the contest, could be better appreciated, and decisive points scored by both teams were applauded fairly. The moment of decision was always tense, for no contest was uneven. The problem of the judges was a trying one, which required men whose reputations and sympathies were not bounded by city lines, men who could judge such a contest without fear or favor. Usually the judges were men of national prominence. Seven decisions in favor of Buffalo, four of them unanimous, are a significant tribute to the fairness of men who could come before a local audience and announce so unpopular a decision in cities where local pride is so strong. Every contest was reported in detail by the Buffalo press and interpreted with editorial comment. It was emphasized that not one vote of any contest was lost to the Canisius debaters when that vote was cast by a member of the judiciary. When the dust of the battles had cleared away the campaign record stood—seven victories and three defeats.

Buffalo was more than satisfied. As the debaters neared home preparations were completed for what the press called "a public welcome to honor the debaters for their signal service to Buffalo". As they came from the train into the crowd that had gathered to greet them in the depot press cameras clicked, the inevitable movieman turned his machine, and the Mayor, the city officials and a committee of representatives from city clubs welcomed them officially. Then mounted police and motorcycle patrolmen cleared the way for the parade which marched up Main Street all the way to

the school. Flags were flying and cheering citizens crowded the sidewalks as the Mayor led the debaters carrying huge bouquets at the head of the parade. There followed seven companies of police and eight companies of firemen, 600 men from the city departments, representatives from all the city organizations and the student body of Canisius. The fife and drum corps of the Fire Department and the police band gave the parade a military aspect and added an extra touch to the enthusiasm. As many as could crowded into the assembly hall of the school to cheer and listen to the speeches which assured the debaters that Buffalo appreciated what they had done.

All the city clubs invited the debaters to speak at their luncheon meetings, because the members were eager to hear how they defended Buffalo and to express their appreciation. Thus the following clubs heard the debators—The Buffalo Club, Rotary, Kiwanis, Greater Buffalo Ad Club, Mercer Club, Catholic Woman's Club, Knights of Columbus, Gyro Club, Business Women's Club, Elks, Orpheus, Alhambra, Exchange Club, The Democratic Club of One Thousand Women, The Dunkirk Chamber of Commerce and the Lions Club. Besides, there was a broadcasting by the debaters from the WGR Broadcasting Station for radio enthusiasts within a 500-mile radius.

So many requests came for a debating exhibition which the general public might attend that the Chamber of Commerce decided to bring a team from another city. A challenge was sent to the Detroit school, where a committee of judges composed of three Detroit newspaper men had rendered an adverse decision, to come to Buffalo for a return debate under any conditions which they would suggest. This invitation was not accepted. Then the Detroit Board of Commerce acting with the Board of Education decided to send as the Detroit representatives the team of Northern High School, which had won the debating championship of the Detroit public high schools for four consecutive years. This team proved to be worthy of the confidence placed in it by the Detroit officials. The Buffalo convention hall was secured for the debate and despite the fact that thousands of Buffalonians had already heard the Canisius debaters, the supply of three thousand reserved seat tickets was exhausted in three days. At the request of Canisius the judges chosen for the debate

were not local officials. Washington, Cleveland, Albany, Toronto and Rochester sent officials nationally prominent to act as judges.

The debate was preceded by a banquet at the University Club in honor of the rival debaters. Despite inclement weather the great hall was crowded with an audience which numbered about five thousand. On the stage behind the debaters were seated about two hundred prominent Buffalo citizens. The Mayor graced the occasion with his presence. The debate was warmly contested. The decision rendered was four to one in favor of Canisius and Buffalo. One of the judges issued the following statement for the press: "The Detroit-Buffalo debate is the high water mark of high school debating in America. I have coached or assisted more than one hundred high school debates, have served as judge on dozens of high school and college debates, and have published six books for debaters, but I had never expected to hear such a magnificent contest. It was as good as most of the college debates and far better than any high school debate I have ever heard. It will be a permanent benefit to all the young men who participated in it, particularly because the question was one whose study gave them practical knowledge, valuable to them all their lives. It sets a new standard for high school debates."

At the close of the debate, each member of the Canisius team was presented with a gold watch suitably inscribed, by the Chamber of Commerce, in recognition of his services to the city. Gold souvenirs were presented to the visiting debaters. The Mayor and the City Council presented the debaters with gold medals. The privileges of membership in local clubs and four years scholarships at Canisius College were other tokens of appreciation received. As two of the debaters are leaving to study for the priesthood their only permanent possession will be the memories of such generous appreciation. The following engraved testimonial was presented to the school:

"Certificate of Appreciation, presented to Canisius High School by the Buffalo Chamber of Commerce, in recognition of the civic services of the Canisius High School Debating Team which, in 1922-23, made its successful transcontinental tour to prove that Buffalo excels."

A few excerpts from editorial comments on the debating work at Canisius during the past scholastic year explains better than could any other detail its advantages from an educational viewpoint:

. . . Nothing has ever been done to advertise this city so thoroughly as this undertaking of Canisius High School. It is an exhibition of initiative and enterprise that deserves unstinted praise, and calls for a vote of thanks from the whole city.—*Buffalo Evening Commercial.*

. . . The novel enterprise of the Canisius High School is bringing this city to favorable attention in a section of the country that has not been well disposed toward Buffalo, because of the opposition here to the St. Lawrence Ship Canal project. . . . The value of the service of these boys to Buffalo is beyond calculation.—*Buffalo Evening News.*

. . . The Canisius debating team which is touring the West debating the question of Buffalo's capacity for development is doing more than to give Buffalo some very necessary and profitable advertising industrially. It is proclaiming that in Buffalo some attention is being given to intellectual pursuits. It is a step in the right direction—*Buffalo Saturday Night.*

To evolve a plan of going into other cities and by argument against argument telling why their home city is destined to have a great place in the affairs of the world, is a plan both unique and commendable. Buffalo has a duty. That duty is to honor in some way these young men who have carried the shield of their city.—*Buffalo Evening Enquirer.*

The Canisius team did for Buffalo one of the most brilliant and important services ever rendered a city.—*Buffalo Realty News.*

The remarkable record of the Canisius debaters serves as a reminder that a school's opportunities for useful activities outside the classroom are not confined to athletic fields.—*Buffalo Morning Courier.*

Hats off to the Canisius high school debaters. * * * The idea which finds its field all the way from the East to the Rockies and thence to the Golden Gate is one of the brightest that was ever evolved in any city, * * * It is one of the finest publicity innitiatives Buffalo ever sent forth.—*Buffalo Sunday Courier.*

DIAMOND JUBILEE OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, BOSTON

It was a sight to make the grim-visaged Puritans of generally anti-Catholic old New England turn in their graves with surprise, if not envy, when the full glare of the electric lights revealed Faneuil Hall, Boston's "Cradle of Liberty," packed from floor to highest gallery on November 23 of last Fall, with the parishioners, past and present, and their friends and all lovers of St. Mary's Church, the popular shrine of the Jesuits, down in the old "North End," as the people put it. The occasion of all this was the Civic Jubilee Celebration in connection with the week's services to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee of the coming of our Fathers to Boston in 1847, and their founding of St. Mary's Church and parish. This was once the head, the front and bulwark of the Faith among the Irish immigrants and the settlers,both American and Irish-American, in the northern section of Boston City, but is now a sort of mission centre of manifold activities where the remnants that still dwell within the original parish are looked after, and the faithful from all sides are listened to, instructed, directed and strengthened, while the polyglot population around the church, made up chiefly of Italians, Poles and some Syrians, are moulded before their common altar into some semblance of a congregation of united Catholics, and are formed, as it were, in the melting pot of genuine Americanism into sturdy and valuable citizens of the Republic. All this was pointed out and acknowledged in terms of unstinted praise by His Honor, James Curley, the able and brilliant Mayor of Boston, who presided over the program of the evening and set no bounds to his recognition of the debt of gratitude due to St. Mary's Church and our pioneer and later Fathers for all that had been done during 75 years of labor to educate and train the people, to give to God what belongs to God, and to Caesar the things that are Caesar's. It was a night of triumph for all concerned; for the Superior, Father Duarte, and his duplicate in energy, Father Arnold, minister of the community, for all the members of it, for all the Notre Dame Sisters and the other teachers in our school of the parish, and for the

immense audience which joined in lauding the memories and deeds of Ours in the cause of religion, education and good citizenship.

The Civic Celebration in Faneuil Hall, the ark of the most cherished New England traditions, colonial and later, and the epitome in the concrete of the best Boston spirit of revolutionary times was a masterly stroke on the part of Father Duarte. The exercises of the preceding days of the Jubilee Week in the church and in the parish school hall had ministered to the spiritual enthusiasm of the faithful, and had fittingly commemorated the purely religious and educational work of Ours during 75 years of fruitful Apostolate. It remained for the big assembly, in the historic hall, on November 23, to impress on the public at large the full meaning and importance, and the social beneficence of old St. Mary's.

Besides the Mayor of the city, the Hon. Mr. James Curley, there were present the representative of the Governor, one of his staff, who spoke, the Lieutenant-Governor and his wife, a Catholic lady. Massachusetts' junior Senator, the Hon. David I. Walsh, a Holy Cross alumnus, was prevented from attending the evening's celebration, but he sent an effective substitute in the person of Assistant District Attorney Swift, a B. C. graduate, who delivered an address, worthy of being perpetuated in print, on the real worth of Jesuit education, and the apostolic influence of our ministry upon the city, State and country at large. A notable poem, entitled "Dear Old St. Mary's," by Agnes Genevieve Dwyer, was then read by a former Mayor of Boston. Father Duarte, the present Superior, arose to respond.

"We Jesuits," he said, "are taught to be grateful, and we would be false to our training if we did not tonight, while accepting the fine things said about us and old St. Mary's, give due credit and thanks to all those who have so valiantly helped us and Our Society to measure up so well to the high standard of religious and educational efficiency demanded by both Church and State." He then proceeded to express his gratitude to all, down to the least agent who had contributed to our fine history of 75 years in the North End of Boston. Father Duarte slighted no one among our helpers and benefactors. The singing of the National anthem closed the evening's exercises, and the friends of St. Mary's went home to dream of yet grander times ahead for the temple and shrine

first projected by the venerable Father McElroy, and out of which Boston College took its rise.

So far I have jotted down only my impressions of the Civic Celebration connected with the Diamond Jubilee, because it was my good fortune to be on hand for the Faneuil Hall exercises, and for the children's tribute to the Jubilee as offered in St. Mary's School Hall. Of this event I hope to speak later on in my article. One has only to take up the magnificently printed "General Program" to see the thoroughness of Father Duarte's full plan loyally to commemorate Our Fathers in their generation and their work.

Under the caption, *Solemn Pontifical Mass of Thanksgiving,* we are introduced to the event of the first day of the week of Jubilee. According to the description given by the local daily papers of the city, we have the following: "A brilliant assemblage of prelates and clergymen headed by Cardinal O'Connell, representatives of the State and city governments, leaders in the business, professional and commercial life of the community, and present and past parishioners of old St. Mary's Church, in the North End, took part in the opening of the Diamond Jubilee Celebration commemorative of the advent of the Jesuit Order in this city. The upper church had been thoroughly renovated and painted under the direction of the celebrated Boston architect, Ralph Adams Cram. The incandescent lights, the cut flowers and potted plants in the sanctuary, the beautiful white marble altar, made a striking background for the distinguished clergy in the sanctuary, and the great congregation in the nave of the church. About 50 members of Bishop Cheverus Assembly, fourth degree Knights of Columbus, acted as a guard of honor to the Cardinal. A member of the Redemptorist Order, Rev. Eugene Mulheran, C. SS. R., was selected to preach the sermon. Father Mulheran gave a graphic review of St. Mary's parish since its organization, 75 years ago, as a permanent religious charge of the Jesuit Fathers. A remarkable tribute to those who had founded the parish, and those who have continued it as one of the most successful in the diocese, was paid by the preacher. He spoke of the bringing to Boston of the Sisters of Notre Dame as educators by Father McElroy, and the progress made from the beginning. He told of the humble opening in St. Mary's School and Church, the gradual work of the Jesuits here, the expansion by Father McElroy to Boston College, and the Church of the

Immaculate Conception in the South End, and finally, the great work at Newton, on University Heights." Perhaps it may be better now for me to continue the narrative of the great event in my own words, and to mention some of the distinguished personages that participated in the ritual of the Mass. I give them from the program:

Presiding, His Eminence, William Cardinal O'Connell, D. D., Archbishop of Boston. Assistant Priest, Very Rev. Patrick O'Gorman, S.J., Vice Provincial of the New England Province. Deacons of Honor, Rev. William Devlin, S.J., Rev. John J. Geoghan, S.J. Celebrant, Rt. Rev. Joseph Anderson, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of Boston. Assistant Priest, Rev. George A. Lyons. Deacons of Honor, Rev. Ludovico Toma, C.S.C.B., Rev. Antonio DeCarslis, O.F.M. Deacon, Rev. Myles A. McLoughlin, S.J. Sub-Deacon, Rev. Charles P. Gisler, S.J. Master of Ceremonies, Rev. Henry A. Leary, S.J. Assistant, Mr. John F. O'Dowd. Preacher, Rev. Eugene Mulheran, C.SS.R., Mission Church, Roxbury.

Towards the end of the Mass, and just before the last Gospel, His Eminence, the Cardinal, arose to speak. This eloquent Prince of the Church, though not slated to make an address, declared he could not well remain silent on so memorable an occasion in the history of his archdiocese. Then, from the abundance of his heart, and with earnest sincerity, he offered to Our Society the profound thanks of the Episcopacy, priesthood and people of Boston, while he outlined the sacrifices and labors heroically endured by our fathers and brothers during 75 years, and most feelingly commented on the spirit of unity and co-operation with which they had toiled as allies of the clergy of the diocese, and as servants of the hierarchy to the glory of God and in the interests of souls. But His Eminence was singularly effective when he referred to our work in the field of true education; scoring, meanwhile, those who would destroy that very system of education that has been so dynamic in informing the individual and the public conscience, and perpetuating all glorious ideals in church, home and State.

The Solemn Jubilee Mass over, the procession formed and marched through the church to the streets and into the rectory, where His Eminence held a reception for the State and city officials, the visiting clergy and the concourse of the people. In the evening of this same day, Sunday, there was a Solemn Vesper service, at which Very Rev. Father Pro-

vincial, Father Kelly, was the celebrant, and Father Gasson of Georgetown College, delivered the sermon on "Gratitude." Among other things he declared that: "Without the benign encouragement of the eminent prelates who have ruled this See, without the broad and princely co-operation of the noble army of diocesan priests who have labored here, without the unstinted support of a devout and generous people, the wonderful record of intellectual and spiritual good accomplished in this church, in this parish school, in the High School and in Boston College could never have been a reality."

On Monday morning, at 8 A. M., a Solemn Requiem Mass for the dead of the parish was offered up by the Very Rev. Patrick O'Gorman, Vice Provincial of the New England Vice-Province, assisted by Father Leary, S.J., as Deacon, and Father J. Bolster, S.J., as sub-Deacon. A Requiem Mass at this time always appeals to the sentiment and piety of the parishioners, and awakes a throb of gratitude in the heart of the living when they find their altar draped for their dear departed. These seem, by the funeral Mass, to be called back, as it were, from the grave to assist once more at their familiar sanctuary gates in the oblation of the Holy Sacrifice. In the evening of this second day of church celebrations there was a Jubilee Service for the League of the Sacred Heart and for the Sodalities, and so the favorite devotions of the Society were fittingly emphasized and commemorated.

Tuesday, November 21, ushered in the Solemn High Mass for the children, parishioners and friends of St. Mary's, with the Superior, Father Duarte, and the Minister, Father Arnold, and Father J. Leary, acting as Celebrant, Deacon and Sub-deacon respectively.

Now, that in our sketch of the Diamond Jubilee of old St. Mary's, we have come to the part that the children had in it, we must observe that nowhere in Boston do children stand more in need of parental vigilance and priestly care than in the North End of the city. That end has ever been, in many ways, the rougher end of the metropolis. Being the railroad and the wharf end, the crowded tenement-section end, and from time immemorial the end that first received the successive waves of immigration from European ports, Boston's North End has always had its children's problem to wrestle with, and our Fathers have always helped to solve it by their schools, sodalities, temperance societies, clubs, and safe and sane social activities. To protect the morals of

those whose only playground is the crowded and indiscriminate street, to save their faith from proselytizers, to watch in season and out of season lest adolescence should ripen into vigorous youth or full grown manhood or womanhood without the life and grace-giving elements of the sacraments, and, in a word, to train up the child in the way it should go—morally, intellectually and socially—has ever been a heart-straining burden upon our Fathers of the North End. How well they have measured up and are still measuring up to their responsibilities for the salvation of the juvenile part of their flock, let the history of St. Mary's Schools, and our records of our alumni and alumnae attest. All this was brought out during the Children's Jubilee Mass, but especially during the children's tribute to St. Mary's, in St. Mary's School Hall or theatre, on Tuesday evening, when various pupils representing Columbia, Ireland, Poland, Italy and Spain gave their greetings of unified gratitude for all that had been done by the Society of Jesus to make the world safe for their soul and body. The Spirit of the Past, the Story of the Jesuits, coming to America, and especially to Boston, the Spirit of Love, the Spirit of Joy, the Spirit of Sacrifice, were some of the numbers on the School Celebration program in which the artlessness of trained children, the refinement of religiously educated youth, the graces of literary and musical culture contended for the mastery before a delighted audience, polyglot in its nationality, but one in its spirit of Americanism, founded on true ideals such as only genuine religion and love of country can foster. Towards the close of the evening a purse was presented to Father Duarte as a gift from the children, after which he responded in a spirited and hearty fashion. Then came the Star-Spangled Banner and its Tableau. The Evening's celebration closed with the singing of "Praise Ye, the Father."

On Wednesday, The Diamond Jubilee Carnival or Fair was held in the big Mechanic's Hall, and there a social gathering of all St. Maryites was enjoyed. Thursday brought the Civic Celebration in Faneuil Hall, and as this event has already been described in the opening pages of this article on St. Mary's Diamond Jubilee, we will drop the curtain of the chronicler upon the whole celebration and let it pass into the realm of inspiring history while we note, as a final word on the subject, that Father Myles McLaughlin brought out on the occasion of the Jubilee a classic memento

of it in the shape of a Souvenir Book containing an historical sketch of St. Mary's Parish.

The Grand Jubilee Week program was pitched high, and it was planned from the heart and motivated by loyalty to the Society and the desire to honor her fruits in both priest and people. It concerned a noble theme—the first coming of our Fathers as a community to Boston, and their goodly works through many generations of the faithful. It was a program that emphasized what I may call Jesuit fundamentals, thirst for the glory of God and zeal for the salvation of souls, and it could not fail to encourage all of Ours to renewed vigor in advancing the cause to which they have consecrated their life and their unceasing round of varied toil. It commemorated the attainment of our ideals during seventy-five years of struggle.

W. J. Stanton, S.J.

SOME EXPERIENCES IN RUSSIA*

*Note.—This is a letter written by Father Joseph A. Farrell, Rector of Brooklyn College, to one of his community. Father was suddenly called to help with the work of relief in Russia.—Ed. W. L.

It is two months since my arrival from Riga over a single-tracked road. The journey lasted about 52 hours. The roadbed is rough and uneven from the wear and excessive strain incident to the long war and the added burden of the American supplies which were brought in in large consignments by this route. During all these years there was no pretense at repairs, and bed and rails and rolling stock have deteriorated alarmingly. A Russian to whom I complained of the road's condition replied that no American transcontinental line would be in operation if it had been subjected to similar abuse and neglect. Let us hope that his reply will never be put to the test. However, it is a slow and fatiguing trip, hard going even in the best made Pullman. Flat wheels are common, and unless the speed is high, which rarely happens, there is an incessant bumping accompanied by rocking that requires sea legs and a sea stomach to withstand. The neglected roadbed, flat wheels, and the general disrepair are contributory causes to the non-attainment of a 60-mile rate, but the essential cause is the lack of coal. The tender of

the engine is equipped with a high wooden framework for holding piles of logs that are quickly consumed in the boiler. These tenders would lose their burdens in American tunnels or in passing under American bridges. The radical cause for the slow-moving trains is the utter contempt of the average Russian for speed. The Philosopher's *indivisible nunc* suffices wholly and completely for him, and why should he bother about the flight of time. The "mañana" of the Mexican peon, and the "Zavtra" of the Russian peasant link the southern dreamer with his northern brother, and the burning heat of the Mexican desert produces a lethargy similar to the frigid steppes of Muscovy.

It was a very accommodating train, stopping at every station and at times where there was no station. Nor were they brief transitory stops, but long, patient and lasting stops; so long and lasting that one wondered if the journey were ever going to be resumed. The stations are the rendezvous for the people, and the arrival of the through train is the great event of the day. Men in long black or red sheepskins that from the neck to the waist are tight fitting and then swell out into large full skirts, with high-peaked or rounded caps of bear, fox or wolf skin, their feet encased in the enormous felt boots all ages and both sexes wear, enormous so that they can wrap feet and legs in yards of wool or cotton against the all-penetrating cold; women not so well clad as the men in their furs, with the ubiquitous shawl over their heads; boys in fur caps with flapping ear laps, interminably peddling cigarettes, which all but the smaller girls use; passengers hurrying from the cars with cups and cans to a common hot water fount for making the inevitable tea between stations; poorly clothed and dirty-looking girls selling milk from still dirtier looking pails; a motley circle of small Siberian horses with long, unkempt manes, secured by poles, not traces, and highly arched wooden yokes to small, low, narrow, wicker and nailless sleighs, a huge mongrel brute alongside a diminutive fox terrier, all these make up the usual station scene. If you enter within you are appalled by the total lack of ventilation, and recognize from the late Father Barnum's vivid stories the distinct aroma of the Esquimaux "igloos." It resembles the stench of a Polar bear. It is the result of a mixture of oil and filth, and at first is very noticeable. It is one of the most distinct of your first Russian impressions, but has the advantage of not proving

an abiding one. After your eyes have become accustomed to the semi-darkness and the smoke of the waiting-room, family groups of eight or ten, or as high as 20 will be seen seated on the crowded benches, or on the floor eating brown bread and fish. There in a corner is the lunch table on which reposes quite a display of fish, ham, whole roast chicken and black bread which is made from rye. This display is not only for the eye to see but also for the hand to feel: as if the touch were required for the proper appraisal of a purchase. A bell suddenly rings out to proclaim that the train will resume its journey in a half hour. A second alarm is rung 15 minutes before starting, and with the first revolution of the engine's wheel a third and final clang is sounded to let you know that you have missed the train. The third is ordinarily sufficient for the American, accustomed as he is to board moving trolleys.

The country through which one passes is mostly flatland stretching monotonously to the horizon and but seldom broken by hill or hillock. These are surmounted by a castled fortress above which towers the church with its five gilded domes. All the surrounding land is dotted with what appeared to me to be rude log barns for cattle, but which I learned later are the homes of the peasants. These were only freed from serfdom in the 'sixties and have, I am told, all the traits of a primitive people. The study of their manners, traits and dispositions would be very interesting, but as they have been Christians for many centuries, I am confident that such a study would reveal many virtues among them. The sun is a rare visitor throughout the entire winter and in consequence the landscape is sombre and gloomy. As we approached Moscow the scene became more varied. Hills and a winding stream on which a long cavalcade of sleighs were proceeding leisurely out of the city appeared to the great relief of eye and mind. There never can be any discussion as to why its founders selected the site for the city of Moscow. There is no other available place between here and the border. Doctor Walsh met me at the depot, and I was warned against the peculiar pranks of luggage in Russia, as also in the Grand Central at New York, of separating itself from its owner. We managed to land all of mine with me in the little home of the Catholic Mission at 32 Spirovdomka, which is the heart of the old residential section, and not too distant from the business areas. The four large rooms facing the street

are used for the offices of the Director of the Mission and District of Moscow Supervisor and his assistant and a staff of clerks, whose work is to receive the applications for assistance from the individual poor of Moscow and from the various charitable institutions, orphan asylums, hospitals, homes for the blind, etc. Here also are kept all the controlling papers for the Moscow District Warehouse, located on the outskirts of this large city, and from which are withdrawn all the provisions for the institutional feeding, and from which our stores for the distribution of food supplies to individuals who call here, are brought two or three times a week. The Moscow District also operates three feeding kitchens for poor children, and is establishing additional ones for University students.

From the Director's office flow all the orders for the supplies and direction of the relief in the other districts, where we are functioning. In the Crimea our operation extends over half of that peninsula, with two main headquarters at Eupatoria and Jengkow, and probably 150 smaller stations scattered in the surrounding territory. All of the smaller stations are without railroad communication, and it is necessary, therefore, to transport all the supplies by American auto truck where the roads permit, and elsewhere by horse and wagon. This is a stupendous task when you think how many tons are required for rationing over thirty-eight thousand children. In the Kuban country, at Krassnodar, Professor Piemonte and his assistants, both having the same Alma Mater as Dr. Walsh, care for some fifteen thousand children. And at the famous Rostov-on-the-Don, the capital of the old Cossack country, we have a station where over ten thousand are fed daily. Our most distant station is located at Orenbourg, 1,000 miles southeast of Moscow, at the foothills of the Southern Ural mountain, and the farthest eastern point in European Russia, right on the Siberian frontier. It was the very heart of the famine area of last year, and though conditions are not nearly so bad as last year, yet there is great suffering there, and both the American Relief and the Catholic Mission are concentrating every effort there. Doctor Gallagher, a confrere of Doctor Walsh, is in charge, and we are just sending him some three thousand clothing outfits for boys and girls. Our program begins with 20,000 children, and we expect to grow to 40,000 in a few weeks. In all, we are feeding some ninety odd thousand children.

Shortly after my arrival, the Holy See sent an appropriation of $50,000 for clothing relief, and Doctor Walsh asked me to undertake the purchase of 10,000 complete clothing outfits, including suits, underwear, shoes and stockings. It would have been a big purchase, even in New York, where there is a plethora of manufactured clothing. But here, under conditions that are just emerging from a chaotic state, it seemed impossible.

You have read that following the revolution the new Communistic Government attempted to change over night the whole economic system of the country. It was no mere minor change in the currency, in trade regulations, or the form of legal contracts, or the like, but a complete submersion of the old age-worn practice of bartering and the absolute prohibition of all selling and buying. The Government then issued tickets to all its citizens grading them into classes, the workers being in the first or preferred class along with the soldiers and governmental employees. Then, in order, came the clerks and the bourgeoisie. These tickets were for food at the various distributing stations which were located all over the city. But as the days went by the supply diminished, and people waited all day and many days in long lines only to receive finally a few potatoes, or some fish, being told that all other supplies were exhausted. The stores were all closed and the markets, which are the rendezvous not only for the farmers with their products, but for hundreds of small traders dealing in everything from a coffin to a hot frankfurter, were all suspended. The economic demoralization which ensued was appalling, and people were thankful if they had a dog or a cat to live on, and rejoiced at the sight of a dead horse at their door or in the neighborhood. Some went out into the surrounding country and tramped for miles among the huts of the peasants bartering a lace handkerchief or a trinket for a few potatoes. It was not sufficient to procure the potatoes or the quarter loaf of black bread. The return journey had to be made and the gauntlet run between the rows of starving people that lined the streets of the city, seeking to slay or rob in order to stifle their own gnawing appetite.

Having experienced the utter futility of their economic program and the absolute ruin into which the country was being plunged a halt was called, currency was issued, bartering began quietly and secretly, a solitary store on a block of

closed and barricaded office and store buildings was unosten tatiously and cautiously opened, and gradually there was a half-hearted and frightened or timorous resumption of the old-time methods of business. Meanwhile the Governmen which had nationalized all private property determined to g into business, and today there are Government stores o every kind doing business in ruinous competition with les favored and highly taxed private merchants. I first at tempted to do business with a government trade union, bu I found the difficulties insuperable. One governmental de partment will not trust getting their payment from another Not because the money will never be paid, but because th delay is sometimes for months, owing to the fact that th department has overdrawn its allotment, and while the cer tificate of indebtedness is good and legal, nevertheless ther is no credit in the bank to meet the bill. Therefore, the mer chants will not attempt to do business for the Government Their bill due today, calling for 5,000,000 rubles may not b cashed, perhaps, until six months from now, when the valu of the ruble may be one-half or one-quarter of what it now is Such was the financial condition when I began looking aroun for the material and the workers to manufacture 10,00 complete outfits. But after many ventures and interviews have succeeded in getting the goods and the sewers, and expect to begin shipping the various clothes and underwear shoes and stockings on Monday.

Doctor Walsh has other duties besides feeding the starvin and under-nourished children of Russia. The Catholi Bishop of Petrograd, Msgr. Cheplack, and 15 priests of hi diocese have been summoned before the tribunal of Justic on the charge of being counter-revolutionists. The penalt is death.* Their churches in Petrograd have been close since before Christmas. They refused to sign the formul prescribed by the general Soviet in assembly at Moscow The Catholic priests in Moscow, who are Poles like their fel lows in Petrograd, signed or at least counseled their parish ioners to sign, and the churches here, which are three in num ber, have services regularly. The Government assert that Russia has the most absolute freedom of worshi But there is a fear that after all the various parishes hav signed the formula (the tenor of which is to acknowledg

*The results of this trial have already appeared in the daily press.

the *fait accompli* of government ownership, and to inaugurate a group of parishioners in control and having the care of the church property and all its belongings, and to be responsible for repairs and for the payment of the taxes) that excessive taxes may be levied on all the parish groups who have signed, and thus the churches would or might be taxed out of existence. This may not prove true, as the revenue may be so high and so promptly raised that the Government might hesitate to kill the hen that is laying the golden eggs. Doctor Walsh has been empowered to undertake a settlement, and as he is a thorough, straightforward American, he is acceptable to the Soviet officials. I have hopes that Doctor Walsh may find a solution to this very distressing situation and succeed in opening the churches at Petrograd and establishing an amicable *modus vivendi* between the Poles and the Soviet at Petrograd.

As I write, word has come from Petrograd that the churches are to be opened on Sunday, the 18th. This is the happy result of the negotiations between the Commissar of Justice and Religion, Mr. Krassikoff, and Dr. Walsh acting under the instructions of the Holy See. This report is probably true, but experience has taught me to accept nothing as certain until it is an accomplished fact.

We are witnessing what is probably the most unprecedented phenomenon in all history. A class or party of not more than 200,000 Communists is ruling a population of over 150,000,000. There is no question of their sincerity in the opinion of those who know the language and who are familiar with the leaders. All opposition has been silenced by a wide and practically universal espionage. At a recent election, all the members of the Socialist Party were quietly but effectually imprisoned just for the day. But they got a taste of the efficiency of the Soviet, and warning of what might follow any opposition on their part. I often think of a remark made by the late Timothy J. Brosnahan, famous for his controversy with Professor Elliot of Harvard, to the effect that he had no fear of Communism ever becoming world-rampant because it was actually in conflict with human nature. Russia's experiment proves him to have been a seer. After two years' suspension of money circulation, of private trading in food or clothing or anything else, and of all individual enterprise, with sustenance, raiment and trolley riding all at Government expense, the people found themselves

without food, without clothing, and the trolleys stopped. The peasants who raised the produce refused to give it up at the Government's mandate. The troops were sent out to requisition it, and they succeeded partly, slaughtering the most rebellious. But the country is so vast and impenetrable that thousands of the peasants found refuge for themselves, their families and their rye in remote and inaccessible forests, where they remained hidden until the troops had gone. The next year they planted less, taking good care to see that what they raised was safely conveyed and hidden in remote caches. Then, too, their sons, who made up the bulk of the army, had no taste for slaughtering their own or their comrades' parents, and they passed the word along that the thing had to stop. Thus the most ignorant of the population, the peasants, by their tenacious adherence to the right of private property, caused the collapse of the entire economic policy and compelled the Government to permit them to transport their own produce to the city, and to barter it in the public market for money, linen, cloth or kitchen utensils, or anything they desired. There is a most amusing story about the disappearance of the droskies, those diminutive horse-drawn sleighs for passengers, capable of holding only one in comfort besides the driver. The drivers are the most interesting specimens, and to me the most characteristically Russian, with the possible exception of the petty merchants, who do business in the open public markets in little booths, covered either with wood or canvas, which are all pulled down at night when their owners, like the Arabs, silently fold their tents and as silently steal away, leaving no trace of the previous habitation. Well, it seems that under the policy of the Commune they were not paid the usual fare, but like all others, were supposed to perform their work as a public duty, and receive from the public granaries food for themselves and their families and fodder for their high-stepping steeds. They say that the poor fellows would stand and gape in a puzzled, abstract way, after having driven a passenger to his destination only to see him disappear behind a closing door.

His slow working mind, grooved in the traditional pay for work done, could not fathom the new economic policy of the State, which was supposedly ruled by his peers. The puzzled abstract gaping after passengers whom he had transported, and who disappeared without pretence of paying, increased

with his daily experiences, until it dawned on him that something was radically wrong. The number of droskies in Moscow is normally in the thousands, but after a few weeks the number decreased, until finally there was not a single one seen on the streets. The anomaly of carrying passengers free of charge had slowly taken possession of the drosky drivers' dull wits, and one by one, under the cover of night, they stole out of the city, and hid themselves and their trusty steeds in remote villages and farms among their equally bewildered peasant brothers, there to remain until the return of the only economic policy that was comprehensible to them, a fare for each passenger, whom their sleigh had borne to his destination. You would have to know some of these drivers to appreciate their bewilderment, the long, slow process of their concluding that something was very much awry in the world, and the stealth and strategy they displayed in making good their escape to the country.

The Communistic policy was a complete and unquestioned failure. It has been replaced by a return to the old system of private sale and purchase, the use of money as a medium of exchange, the printing of which proceeds as fast as paper can be manufactured or purchased abroad. The Soviet proclaimed it as the inauguration of "the new economic policy," but the simple peasants and my friends, the drosky drivers, know that it is as old as the hills and much saner and sounder than the experiments of which they, along with the rest of the population, were the victims.

The second widely proclaimed principle of Communism is a positive and active atheism. It is not sufficient for a member of the party to be an intellectual or speculative nonbeliever in the existence of a supreme being. He must be so convinced of the utter futility of all religions, considering them a product of some primitive fear in men caused by physical phenomena like earthquakes, or tidal waves, or eclipses, that he is an active and forceful opponent of the religious spirit in any or every manifestation. Therefore, the poor children are all compelled to attend Communistic schools, where the doctrines of atheism are being inculcated into their tender minds, and instead of the beautiful and everlasting truths of Christianity with its virtues and its charity, denial of the existence of God, blasphemous explanations of the Virgin Birth of Christ, hatred of the bourgeoisie, form the daily instruction. The mere registration of two

people constitutes their idea of mating, and the re-registration of one of the parties with a third is public notice that the previous temporary union is at an end and another union begun. Any and all religious instruction to children under 18 years of age is prohibited by law. What it will all eventuate into, no man can tell, but it is a subject of deep concern to all civilized people.

The question that interested me greatly was, how all this could have been brought about in modern times. The answer, I think, is to be found in the abuses and the utter neglect of the poorer and ignorant, and by far the greater portion of the population, by those in authority through the centuries preceding the Great War. The Orthodox Church, no doubt, through the totally inadequate formation of her clergy, their ignorance, their worldliness, their neglect of the proper and systematic instruction of their people, so that religion would not be the superstition which many observers think it was, but a living guide and rule of conduct for public and private life, was a party to this transparent negligence. If the Czar and his officials had studied the encyclicals of the great Leo XIII, and culled from them the true appreciation of the worker, his eminent position in the scheme of a civilized State, the necessity of protecting him in his rights to an adequate wage, sufficient for his own and his family's proper upkeep, to the opportunity of his own betterment, and the education of his children, in fine, had mastered the first fundamentals of Christian sociology, and then put them into practice, the soil would not have lain fallow for the upheaval that was inevitable. It is true that among the Russians the difference between *meum* and *tuum* has never been very marked. The peasants were, in some localities, akin to the Esquimaux of whom the late Commander Peary relates, as a matter of course, their sharing of a catch of fish with their less favored brothers. And I am told that it is an historical trait of the Russians to give of their abundance most generously, and, in their want, to expect similar generosity on the part of their neighbors. Be it as it may, the ground was fertile for the revolution, and that fertility was caused by those in high places. We can learn how necessary it is for ourselves to be alive to the conditions among our own working people, and to insist that they are properly grounded in their religion and that their employers treat them as men made to the image and likeness of God and entitled, not by any dic-

tate of courtesy or prudence, but by strict justice, to adequate pay and reasonable hours. Of course, I know that we have no such widespread neglect of our laboring classes as existed in Russia before the war. Yet when one reads about the child labor of the South and the terrible conditions existing in some Pennsylvanian coal regions and in various manufacturing centers that periodically appear in the public press, one may well advise a thorough investigation and rectification of these abuses.

I hope I have conveyed some idea of our work and the conditions under which it is carried on. For the last week I have been living alone in our little house here on the Spiridonovka, Doctor Walsh having gone off on a little trip to Krassnodar, a thousand miles South, to see our representative there, Dr. Piemonte, of the same least Society, who has been stricken down with pneumonia. Right around the corner and adjoining us is the big residence of the chief director of the A. R. A., Colonel Haskell, who has just returned here from Greece, where he has assumed the additional burden of caring for and feeding the refugees from Asia. I am so busy that I have no thought of lonesomeness, but I do miss the community, the church with the good people, and the school, and I pray God that all is well with you and them and that I may be spared to return in safety to you all.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

JOSEPH A. FARRELL, S.J.

DIAMOND JUBILEE CELEBRATION, ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S COLLEGE

The Diamond Jubilee celebration formally opened on Monday, December 4, 1922, with a Pontifical Military Mass celebrated by his Lordship, Bishop John J. Dunn, Auxiliary Bishop of New York. The martial pomp and splendor of the cadet regiment as it marched from Fifteenth Street to Sixteenth Street preceded by the band and swung up the main aisle of the beautiful church was a rare sight. The clanking sabres, gleaming in the sunlight, the blue uniforms of the cadets, the richly colored robes of the clerical dignitaries added much to the solemn dignity of the ceremony.

Monday, December 4th, Pontificial Military Mass at 10 A. M. Celebrant, His Lordship, Bishop John J. Dunn, Auxiliary Bishop of New York. Assistant Priest, The Rt. Rev. Monsignor Joseph H. McMahon, '98. Deacons of Honor, The Reverend Thomas J. McCluskey, S.J., The Reverend Thomas E. Murphy, S.J. Deacon of the Mass, The Reverend Patrink J. Minogue, '85. Sub-Deacon, the Reverend Edward A. Glennon, '03. Master of Ceremonies, The Reverend Timothy J. Dugan. Preacher, The Rt. Rev. Monsignor P. F. O'Hare, D.D., LL.D., '86. In the Sanctuary, The Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, D.D., of Catholic University; The Rt. Rev. William F. O'Hare, D.D., Bishop of Jamaica, B. W. I.; The Rt. Rev. Mons. F. H. Wall, D.D., '72.; The Rt. Rev. Mons. E. J. Donnelly, D.D., '72; The Rt. Rev. Mons. P. F. O'Hare, D.D., LL.D.

The sermon was preached by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor P. F. O'Hare, D.D., LL.D., '86, on the text:

> "This is eternal life: that they may know Thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent."
> —John xvii, 3.

At the dinner following the mass, Hon. Alfred J. Talley presided as toastmaster. Rev. Daniel Quinn, S.J., spoke on Catholic education in the archdiocese of New York. Father Rector, in a few words, announced the intention of the College to launch a drive in the near future and expressed the hope that in a short time the College of St. Francis Xavier will resume the conferring of degrees. The speaker of the day was Mr. Edward McGuire.

Alumni Reception and Reunion in the College Theatre

Alumni interest in the Diamond Jubilee Celebration naturally centered about the night of December 4, which was especially set aside for the delectation of the old grads and former students. The *Xavier* predicted that some of the tried and true thespian warhorses would show the younger generation a thing or two, and they did. It was a lot of hard work to whip the two sketches, "Words Meant Nothing," and "The Curse of Gold," into presentable shape, even though George V. Hobart, the author of the former, was good enough to come down to the College Theater one Sunday afternoon and help the cast with his advice and suggestions as to the proper interpretation of the piece. Brandon Tynan,

the well-known actor, also devoted an afternoon to suggesting a few of the professional touches and bits of stage business that were put into the performance of these sketches at the Lambs' Club. The Alumni Association is indebted to these two gentlemen for their able assistance in making the dramatic part of the entertainment a success. Besides the two sketches there were songs and dances given by some of "the old boys."

After the show, the audience partook of a buffet supper in the refectory, the while they talked things over. All in all, it was a most enjoyable affair and the greatest credit is due to the actors, to Judge Talley, who supervised the productions and conducted the rehearsals; to Ed Rowan, who was property man, stage manager, stage carpenter, and chief electrician; to Bert McDermott, who handled the switchboard; and above all to Father Michael Clarke, S.J., who acted as host to the Alumni Association on this occasion and did everything in his power to make everything run smoothly.

Tuesday, December 5th, Solemn Pontifical Mass at 10 A. M. for Deceased Alumni and Parishioners. Celebrant, The Rt. Rev. Joseph H. Conroy, D.D., Bishop of Ogdensburg, N. Y. Assistant Priest, The Rt. Rev. Monsignor Joseph F. Stillemans. Deacons of Honor, The Reverend Patrick J. Casey, S.J.; The Reverend Thomas A. Thornton. Deacon of the Mass, The Reverend Peter F. Guinevan, '84. Sub-Deacon, The Reverend John W. Murphy. Master of Ceremonies, The Reverend William A. McCartney, S.J.

The sermon was given by the Very Reverend Monsignor David J. Hickey, '72, on the text:

> And I heard a voice from heaven, saying to me: Write: Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord. From henceforth now, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors for their works follow them.—Apoc. of St. John 14:13.

Battalion Drill, Academic Department, in the Ninth Coast Defense Command Armory

The evening marked the official participation of the Xavier Cadets in the celebration of Jubilee Week. It consisted of an exhibition drill and review by Brigadier General Hugh Drum, U. S. A., in the Ninth Coast Defense Armory. On account of the peculiar significance of the Jubilee Celebra-

tion, tickets were at a premium, and the Armory was filled with a large and appreciative crowd.

The Regiment swung onto the drill-floor promptly at 8:15, and proceeded immediately to execute a colorful calisthenic drill under the command of Major Agolia of the Third Battalion. This was followed by the individual competitive drill in the Manual of Arms, which was won by Sergeant Murtagh of Company I. He was awarded a handsome sabre in recognition of his prowess.

The event of the evening was the review of the regiment by Brigadier General Drum. Accompanied by his staff, members of the Faculty, and escorted by the Cadet Colonel and staff, he proceeded around the Armory to a stirring march by the band.

Company C, commanded by Captain Gerard F. Yates, favored the spectators with a demonstration of close order drill. Company C's exhibition was immediately followed by one from a company of the Xavier Grammar Cadets, who proved that they too could uphold the reputation which Xavier has acquired on the drill floor. The Grammar School Cadets, by the way, contributed not a little to the success of the drill. Their white trousers and cross-belts made an excellent showing against the darker background of navy blue.

The formal evening parade was next in order, and after passing in review before the reviewing stand the regiment marched out of the Armory, and the drill was over.

While the drill was going on in the Armory the parish societies were holding a reunion in the College Theatre.

Wednesday, December 6th, Solemn Pontifical Mass at 10 A. M. for all Church Sodalities and Societies. Celebrant, The Rt. Rev. Edmund F. Gibbons, D.D., Bishop of Albany. Assistant Priest, The Reverend Robert A. Skinner, C.S.P. Deacons of Honor, The Very Reverend John J. Hickey, '98., Reverend James H. McGivney, S.J. Deacon of the Mass, The Reverend Francis T. Parr, C. SS.R. Sub-Deacon, The Reverend Peter Egan. Master of Ceremonies, The Reverend Wiliam A. McCartney, S.J. Preacher, The Very Reverend J. H. Healy, O. P.

At 8 P. M. there was held the Knights of Columbus Celebration in the College Theatre. Among the Knights who took a prominent part in the exercises were: Dr. John G.

Coyle, N. Y. State Deputy, K. of C.; Hon. Alfred J. Talley, Judge of Court of General Sessions. Father M. A. Clark, S.J., Rector of the College, gave the closing address.

Thursday, December 7th, Solemn Pontifical Mass at 10 A. M. for the Children of the Parish. Celebrant, The Rt. Rev. John J. Collins, D.D., Titular Bishop of Antiphello. Assistant Priest, The Reverend John J. E. O'Brien. Deacon of the Mass, The Reverend William S. Dolan, S.J. Sub-Deacon, The Reverend Arthur J. Kenny, '88. Master of Ceremonies, The Reverend William A. McCartney, S.J.

The sermon was delivered by the Reverend Bonaventure McIntyre, O.F.M., from the text:

"Go ye into His gates with praise, and into His courts with hymns, and give glory to Him; praise ye His name for the Lord our God is sweet."

Friday, December 8th, Solemn Pontifical Mass at 10 A. M. for all Religious. Celebrant, The Rt. Rev. William F. O'Hare, D.D., Bishop of Jamaica. Assistant Priest, The Very Reverend P. J. O'Gorman, S.J. Deacons of Honor, The Reverend James T. McIntyre, The Reverend Joseph H. Rockwell, S.J. Deacon of the Mass, The Reverend Edward J. Phillips, S. J., '98. Sub-Deacon, The Reverend Ignatius W. Cox, S.J. Master of Ceremonies, The Reverend Francis C. Campbell, '03.

The sermon was preached by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Daniel Burke, D.D., '77.

The play "King Robert of Sicily" was given in the sign language, by the Ephpheta Society, in the College Theatre.

Sunday, December 10th, Solemn Pontifical Mass at 10.30 A. M. Celebrant, His Grace, the Most Reverend Patrick J. Hayes, Archbishop of New York. Assistant Priest, The Very Rev. Monsignor Luke J. Evers. Deacons of Honor, The Very Rev. Lawrence J. Kelly, S.J.; The Rt. Rev. Monsignor P. F. O'Hare, D.D., '86. Deacon of the Mass, The Reverend Francis R. Donovan, S.J. Sub-Deacon, The Reverend A. M. Fremgen, S.J. Master of Ceremonies, The Reverend Stephen J. Donahue, D.D. Preacher, The Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, D.D., Bishop of Rochester. Present in the Sanctuary, Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, D.D., Bishop of Rochester; Rt. Rev. William A. Hickey, D.D., Bishop of Providence; Rt. Rev. D. J. O'Connell, D.D., Bishop of Rich-

mond, Va.; Rt. Rev. William F. O'Hare, D.D., Bishop of Jamaica, B. W. I.; Rt. Rev. Eugene J. Donnelly, D.D.; Rt. Rev. James H. McGeehan, D.D., Rt. Rev. Joseph P. Dineen, D.D., Rt. Rev. P. J. O'Hare, D.D., LL.D., Rt. Rev. George I. Waring, D.D. College Representatives, James N. Kienan, Hunter College, N. Y.; Mary L. Higgins, Hunter College, N. Y.; A. E. deP. Coleman, College of the City of New York; G. A. Johnson Ross, Union Theological Seminary, N. Y.; Joseph M. Lawlor, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute; Major E. C. McGuire, West Point, N. Y.; Rev. Thomas McLaughlin, S.T.D., Seton Hall College; Robert M. Anderson, Stevens Institute, N. J.; Rev. Eugene I. Harrigan, S.S., A.M., St. Charles College, Catonsville, Md.; John T. Madden, New York University; David A. McCabe, Princeton University; Francis P. Garvin, Yale University; Albert P. Wills, Clark University; Elizabeth Slattery, Wellesley College; Samuel H. Ordway, Brown University; James J. Byrne, Harvard University.

The Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, D.D., gave the sermon.

The Closing Banquet

The week of festivity in celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of the College was brought to a close on Sunday, December 10, when the Alumni, after attending the Pontifical Mass, gathered in the refectory for dinner. Archbishop Hayes occupied the place of honor at the guest table, and at the conclusion of the dinner gave his blessing to the assemblage. The toastmaster was Father J. Ahearn, and he filled the part admirably. Percy King responded to the toast, "Our Archbishop"; and Mr. J. Fargis to the toast, "Our Alma Mater."

After the banquet, there was a meeting in the College Theatre to discuss the drive for funds to clear the present indebtedness of the institution and to re-establish the collegiate department. Father Rector explained his views and plans fully, and the members of the Alumni Association pledged him their loyal and undivided support in his undertakings. The general feeling seemed to be that, under such leadership, a means will sooner or later be found of bringing about the realization of the wish that lies so near to the heart of every alumnus, viz., the restoration of Xavier to the position she formerly occupied in the educational life of this city.

The grand reunion of the Alumni Association on the evening of December 4, was indeed an awe-inspiring sight. If the Diamond Jubilee celebration of Alma Mater had accomplished no more than to gather around her so many loyal sons the celebration would have been a great success. The gathering of so many sons may have meant little to the individuals present, but to their loving Alma Mater, with the cares and trials of 75 years upon her, it was an encouraging and happy event. Sons with the silver tinge of years upon their heads, sons yet unchanged by the finger of Time, mingled and made merry as one happy family under the roof of a common mother. From near and far; from every walk of life they came to lay their triumphs and successes at the feet of Alma Mater.

Other colleges may have greater facilities and wider fields, but in loyalty and love of their sons, none are richer than Xavier. To Mr. Frederic J. Fuller, '01, the energetic President of the Alumni Association, and to Hon. Alfred J. Talley, '96, all honor is due for this great success. Weeks before this grand reunion, the person of Judge Talley was a familiar figure about the halls of "Sixteenth Street" patiently drilling his faithful cast to entertain the returning sons of Alma Mater.

ON OUR WAY TO THE PHILIPPINES

(*Continued from the February Number.*)

A five-hour run brought us to Victoria, Vancouver Island, where a stop was made to load freight. Some of our party went ashore to mail letters. Mr. Byrne, Chief Customs Officer of the Port, introduced himself,—"a fine Catholic like yourself, Father," recollected last year's 20 passing through, and hoped to see some of our men again next year.

Then we cast off again. The trip was really *in fieri* now, and we proceeded to examine our quarters. They were very fine, five staterooms, each with twin beds, and many comforts. Some were included on the bill, others were n't; but we were learning now not to be bashful about asking for anything; what you asked for was probably due to you, if you were travelling first class; if it was n't, the officers were usually glad to give it to you to win favor for their company.

That night we headed northwest straight into a strong wind. The next morning was cold and quite rough; overcoats and sweaters appeared, and the dining-room began to empty. That day and the next provided a fair test for our sealegs; but they stood the ordeal well, and not a single meal was missed by any of the nine. We found that seasickness, even more than other diseases, was a "phobia"; you might begin to feel dizzy, and imagine uncomfortable things, but if you went down to meals anyway, you soon forgot the rocking of the boat amid the strains of Hawaiian music, and the bewildering menu.

That menu was a masterpiece, just like Woodstock's or Delmonico's. After a couple of days, when we felt sure of our sea legs, we proceeded to probe its 32 numbers. The findings from these explorings reflected great credit on the United States Shipping Board.

In other ways too, Uncle Sam provided very comfortably for his passengers. The promenade deck, on which were placed our steamer chairs, was glass-enclosed, excellent for walking in blustery weather. There were deck games and dancing in the evening. Inside was a smoking-room, with bar, a grand social hall, and a latticed tea room, all luxuriously appointed. Barber-shop, laundry, stenographer, printer, doctor, undertaker, almost every possible need was provided for.

The passengers, however, either because of their small number—there were only 45 in first cabin—or bothered by the languor which the rich and the make-believe rich adopt, did not make a lively use of these advantages; and usually after dinner our own party withdrew to one of our cabins for private recreation.

Among the passengers, two might be called notable: Rear Admiral Phelps, U. S. N., on his way to command the fleet of U. S. gunboats in the Yangste Kiang River, and Judge Charles S. Lobingier, Judge of the U. S. Court for China at Shanghai. He has been there for seven years, and for the previous 10 years was judge at Manila. He is returning from Washington, after a trial in the Court of Appeals in which he himself was defendant, but with a sweeping exoneration from the Court and from President Harding. He is a thirty-third degree Mason, and very active at it; in Manila, he was head of Philippino Masonry, and effected a union between that body and the American lodges.

A Protestant missionary, Dr. Hamilton, was also on board with his family. He is a man of marked courtesy and refinement, and has a wife and three lovely children. Apparently very capable, he trails a long list of theological degrees after his name. He will teach in the Manila Seminary until Christmas, then go to Los Banos to be chaplain to the agricultural branch of the University of Manila.

Of the four Philippino lads, one had studied at Harvard, one at Columbia, one at the University of Chicago, and the fourth at West Point, V. M. I., and other places. They were typical of what we had read, using American methods as much as possible, claiming to be Catholics, but very weak in the practice of it, and with little respect for priests. From their actions towards the Minister, his services and other approaches, it was evident they considered America's religion as Protestant. But we did a little propaganda work, and one Saturday evening, as they lay off in their steamer chairs, the Irish temperament of one of Ours grew zealous and flared away at them in a short but biting lecture. The next morning all four appeared at Mass, and they were more respectful thereafter.

Each Sunday we held two Masses in public in the Social Hall. The first Sunday only about five outsiders assisted; the next week there were about twenty-five. This was a small number for such a large boat, but we could expect no more from the first cabin—mostly Protestants—nor from the steerage—all Orientals. But from the crew, numbering 270, including very many Philippinos, and quite a few Irishmen, we might have gotten a large quota by a little forceful campaigning.

From the Protestant service that followed ours on Sunday, we learned a valuable lesson—to stress more *Cultus Externus.* They had music and hymns, prayers aloud, and a sermon. We should, at least, have added hymns and lengthened our sermon, especially for the Protestants present, who had little or no concept of the Adorable Sacrifice, hidden and unintelligible to any but eyes of Faith.

Soon after debarking we noticed that the sailors were a young crowd, not the rough, old type described in books. Upon inquiring we learned that many of them were University students. They are not allowed any intercourse with the first cabin passengers, but we covertly bridged over the "No Man's Land" and enjoyed some very interesting talks,

such as our "wealthy" but first cabin neighbors could never have furnished. And this was not without fruit. One of the sailor boys, one Sunday, marched up through the promenade deck and social hall, and behind him tramped seven other boys in their rough deck clothes. First cabin gasped. And then, though six of his comrades were Protestants, right before them all, the Catholic leader marched up for Communion—the only communicant—it was 9:30 Mass, and knelt devoutly for his thanksgiving.

All this time the big boat ploughed ahead her 17 knots an hour over the Pacific's shortest crossing, the great circle from Seattle to Yokohama. It was an uneventful trip; only two ships were sighted; occasionally a whale would spout high in the air; one flying fish was observed, and innumerable birds; the first sight of these made me think, with Columbus, that land was near; but as they appeared again and again, with us coursing about 100 miles South of the crescent ordered Aleutian Islands, we decided they must be marine birds, able to rest on the water like ducks. Later observation proved this true.

The first six days were cold and mostly foggy, with the whistle blowing night and day at six-minute intervals. Then we turned south rather sharply, and light clothes appeared, and through the rear hatchways the steerage passengers sprouted. During the cold weather, they had huddled below in their close quarters and smoked and gambled. But now they basked in the sun on deck,—we were running down the Asiatic coast,—and gazed over at the western horizon, beyond which lay their home.

Above them on the poop deck, lay one of their number with eyes that saw not. He had died about four days out. We expected a funeral at sea, but were surprised to learn that religious custom, confirmed now by Government regulation, forbids this for Chinese.

On Tuesday night, July 18, Father Parker finished his retreat, and the next evening, on the Promenade Deck, he gave an interesting illustrated lecture on India. It was the only public entertainment of any sort during the entire trip, and was very well received.

It was after the lecture, just before going to bed, that we sighted a lighthouse off the coast of Japan, and the next morning found us moored just outside the breakwater in

Yokohama harbor. Health and police officials came out in their launches at an obligingly early hour, and at 8 o'clock, our good ship was tying to the dock.

Father Gettelman of the Missouri Province was there to meet us. Half a mile away, at the railroad station, Father McNeal was waiting for us, and after a noisy fusion, we all together took the electric train to Tokyo, one hour's run. This train service was excellent, but the Tokyo trolleys which took us out to the University in about 40 minutes, were very poor specimens for the great capital of a great Empire.

That day we got first taste of the Orient, and it was a dive into deep water right from the start. It was all bewilderingly strange and new. And we discovered that our preconceived notions did not exaggerate but far minimized the reality. The sampans in the harbor and the canals, the women clop-cloping down the street with wooden sandals, the little children attractive and quaint,—it was difficult to realize we were awake. There were occasional touches of European and American customs, but they served only to emphasize the native. We went into Mitzukishi's great department store, palatial as Wanamaker's, with some Oriental luxuries added. A huge modern fire engine would siren its way down the narrow streets; it seemed a very dragon from another world besides the jinricksha. Our own college on Kojimachi is a very modern structure, but under its shadow in the queer little streets and alleys, are little picture ladies squatting on the floors of their houses smoking their long-holdered cigarettes. Automobiles are seen, comparatively few, however, and of American make; very many bicycles tear through the city, their boy and men pilots very capable and fast, and often carrying heavy loads. American dress, quite frequent on the men—one man out of five in the big cities—again served the contrast, for the others were garbed in wild variety, from loin cloth to very elaborate and loose-flowing kimonos. On the backs of many of the men were Japanese signs; these were workmen, we learned, marked with their profession and employer's names as a butter-and-egg wagon in New York would label itself.

We were cordially welcomed by Father Hoffman and his staff at the University, which we found in a confused state of reconstruction, owing to the severe earthquake in April. There we had lunch and were courteously invited to stay over night.

But after seeing, that afternoon, the great Peace Exposition in the Park, our party divided, four going back to Yokohama, to the boat, four deciding to try an overland trip through the country to meet the boat at Kobe three days later. Father Parker offered to accompany the adventurers as chaplain.

After a visit to the famous Imperial Hotel, where we did *not* have dinner, we boarded the 7:30 express for Kyoto, travelling second class to save expense. This meant sitting up all night, and our long-legged selves, searching for a comfortable posture, looked enviously at the little Jap neighbors who were small enough to curl up comfortably on the narrow cross-seats and sleep in peace.

We slept quite well, however, and voted the inconveniences well worth bearing for the opportunity it gave of seeing Japanese life from the inside. With interest we noticed the before-breakfast smoke, for here both Mr. and Mrs. indulged. Dawn broke at four; we were passing down a wide mountain valley, and we saw the very fertile farms, every foot almost, under careful cultivation. About 4:30 the farm-hands could be seen tramping out to the fields, and we got some close-up glimpses of the innumerable rice-fields with every root under water. Pretty little villages dotted the countryside, and about 6:30 the school children were on their way; often the children were walking in informal lines, the little ones in front; very businesslike they seemed and very contented.

We reached Kyoto at 7:30, on time. We found the train service very good, though somewhat slower than an American express. All their tracks are narrow gauge, and the freight cars are dinky in size. We had provided ourselves with the address, in Japanese, of the French Church (as Roman Catholic Churches are popularly known over here), so it was easy to direct the jinricksha men who, in about twenty-five minutes, drove us through about twenty-five different little alleys to St. Francis Xavier Church.

Father Deruy, of the Mission D'Etrangères, welcomed us kindly, and at once provided for Father Parker's Mass. We fervently assisted, for the little sanctuary lamp was very welcome in this wilderness of paganism.

On the wall of the sitting-room was a citation for bravery from the French Government, and we learned that stalwart Father Deruy had been a chaplain in the war. Not feeling at all sure of his Latin however, and knowing as little English as our unlettered party knew French, he was very shy and after making arrangements for Mass the next morning and guiding us to the hotel and giving some other directions, he withdrew—"not to be a burden," he said.

The large Kyoto Hotel was only two blocks away and well situated. Especially at night, a fine view could be had over the city and the temples on the mountain-side. We were entirely satisfied, for English was spoken there, and we were able to get complete directions for our tour of the city.

Unlike the modern parts of Kobe and Yokohama, Kyoto is almost entirely removed from European influences, and the typical Japanese life can be seen there. It is rich in its historical connections, for it was Japan's capital from 860-1862, and the Emperor is still crowned there. We explored the imperial park and even tried to bluff our way inside the palace walls; but the little soldiers, courteous, but firm as a rock, ousted the *profanum vulgus* from these sacred precincts of the past. Then we wandered down the sun-baked streets, explored the little shops and bartered for little presents, took pictures of some of the little Japanese children, whom we could persuade not to run away from us.

The large public library we saw, too, and the museum and the zoo (for Kyoto, though typically Japanese, is quite modern, with 200,000 people). We got back to our comfortable hotel hot and tired, but contented, for we felt that our informal wanderings had shown us some of the *heart* of Japan.

The next morning we took the 9:40 train for Nara, 30 miles away. Nara was Japan's capital before Kyoto, and a huge city at that time, but it is famed especially for its religious associations and its temples. Many statues of heroes and of gods we had seen, some bespattered with spitballs, it seemed; and we learned that their clients actually chewed the prayer, written on a paper, then threw it at the statue. If the spitball struck and stuck to a good spot it is considered as a favorable sign.

But here in Nara it was that we saw the most imposing temples,—Kofukugi, Kasugajinsha and Daibutsuden,—the last named containing Japan's largest Buddha, 52 feet high.

These were interesting and monstrous, but not beautiful nor inspiring. We saw comparatively few at the services, and in this connection the remarks of a Japanese fellow-passenger were interesting. He was a quiet, serious man, holding a good position with Japan's largest shipping company, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha. "Life is a mystery to us," he said, "we have no belief in our gods. We practice devotion to them but without satisfaction, only because our fathers did it before us." He was respectfully interested in us, and gratefully accepted a copy of Father Scott's "God and Myself." He left us his card and asked us to let him help us any time we were in Tokyo or Yokohama.

Very noticeable to us during these three bewilderingly interesting days was the unflagging industry of the people. The peasant toiled away down the rows of rice, ankle or knee deep in water and mud, from dawn to dusk. The sun scorched him, but he plodded on unquestioningly. Horses were scarce, so men took their places and hauled nearly as heavy loads as army mules would! Women help and take a place in the harness, and join the men, too, at poling boats through the dirty canals. We visited none of the big factories, but we did see many merchant shops and artisan quarters, and everywhere there was that striking serious attention to business which in fifty years has raised Japan from barbarism to its present high material civilization. Menial, even repulsive tasks were done in an unquestioning way—sheepishly, some American labor leaders would say. But the people have the habit of work, and although red-tongued demagogues exist here too, they have been unable as yet to arouse a popular demand from the very strong central Government for the privileges which laborers in other countries enjoy.

Perhaps a sign of the strength of the Government is that it is able to operate the railways of the country at a profit. Another sign is the near-deification of the Emperor. Around his palace is a wide enclosure which no being lower than an ambassador may ever enter. A moat surrounds the vast park. "Ideal for fishing," we said. "No," we were told, "that happened only once, after the Russo-Japanese War. The people, aroused by the unfavorable terms which the Japanese representatives, under advice from their generals, had accepted, were wild with indignation, and as an extreme measure went down and fished in the palace moat."

Another very noticeable feature was the number of babies. Everywhere you turned in Tokyo you found them, strapped to mother's back. Rather restricted was their outlook, often no more than the color scheme of a beautiful kimono, and still they snuggled there contentedly.

Galling, however, to us Americans, was the impolite way in which Japanese men treated the women. They seemed to consider them as inferior creatures. And the little maids in the hotel were ordered about by the manager as gruffly as our boatswain ordered the members of his aft-deck crew; still they busily shuffled along about their tasks, and happily, as if they considered it all quite natural and to be expected.

True, to this lack of courtesy, there were some exceptions. We noticed that upon meeting a friend, they would bow low, and often with a double or triple bow. And the railway employees are extremely polite. The ticket conductor will enter the car, take off his hat and bow. Then comes a little speech which probably means, "If you don't object, ladies and gentlemen, will you please show your tickets?" Then, bowing again, he puts on his cap, and without waiting for applause, goes quietly at his work.

But such instances were rare, and usually the people didn't bother much about others' feelings. Very businesslike, they were often brusque and sharp, and kindly accommodation and sympathy for others were strikingly absent. However, in a people so recently risen, this is not to be wondered at. They have accomplished wonderful advances in industries and in schools. No doubt, quite soon, the conventions of courtesy will follow.

As American tourists, we were treated with great respect by the people; far differently, I could not help thinking, from the way Japanese visitors are treated at home. To the vast majority our Roman collars meant nothing; we were Americans with no further distinction.

This had its advantages. However, it was very discouraging, too, for it showed how little impression Christianity has made on this swarming country. And we fervently prayed that a twentieth century Xavier would rise up; that out of the 50 or 100 Catholic priests in the country, a man with Xavier's zeal, clothed in twentieth century methods, would force recognition in high places and thus blaze the Church's immutable doctrines before the progressive Japanese people. Just at present, the few Catholic churches are only isolated

lighthouses, steady and unwavering in their light, but almost unnoticed and unknown in the vast sea of paganism surrounding them.

From Nara we went to Osaka, about an hour on the trolley, and a glorious ride through the mountains it was. Japan's interurban trolleys are far superior to those within the cities. Osaka is Japan's second city, and the largest manufacturing centre. We drove around in a taxi to see the sights, and found some large buildings and modern streets. It would have been very interesting to delve down the side streets, or into some of the big factories, but only an hour or two was left us, so we had to take another fine trolley for another hour's ride along the coast to our big liner.

It was Saturday night when we reached the boat, and there was a loud reunion and swapping of experiences. Those who had stayed on the boat told of a delightful trip down the coast from Yokohama to Kobe. But the adventurers laughed superiorly. We were sure, now, that a crowded inland trip was the best way to spend the three brief days, allowed by the Admiral Line schedule, in and around Japan.

After supper, that night, some went ashore. Kobe has two Catholic Churches, one for Japanese, one for foreigners. Father Shanahan visited the latter, and made arrangements for Mass the next morning. The old French priest there, who speaks fine English, would not tell us his name. "Just a number before the Lord," he said. We walked around the city and very interesting it was. The people come out in the cool of night to shop and stroll; and the brightly lighted bazaar street was to us a very babel of tongues and costumes.

Some of us visited, that morning, the Nunobiki Water Falls up in the mountains. We found the Upper Falls disappointing, and a hot, difficult climb. The lower ones, however, were easy to reach and quite worth visiting, with a cool pavilion which would have been an excellent place for an all-day picnic.

Promptly at twelve, the boat backed out of the dock, and started through the Inland Sea, *en route* to Shanghai. That afternoon's sail was wonderful, now through narrow straits, now through wide-curving bays, with beauty succeeding beauty as in a fairyland. Busy with life it was, too, with myriad sampans and larger sailboats, and a few coastwise

steamers, with tiny villages nestling in sheltered coves, and occasional smoky cities. Darkness came all too soon that night.

It was about a 48-hour run to Shanghai. Six hours outside that city, in the yellow Yellow Sea, two athletic pilots grabbed the rope ladder and climbed up to guide us through the mud bars of the great Yangtse-Kiang, and the much narrower, winding Whangpoo, to our dock. They were badly needed, for the channel is tortuous and teems with commerce.

Upon docking, we set out at once for famous Zikawei. So as not to cause our French Jesuit brothers any inconvenience, we had not advised them of our arrival, we planned to call there for a few hours only, returning to the boat the same evening. But the party got separated, and then each smaller party lost itself in different sections of the great city. Three jubilantly arrived at Aurora University, on Avenue Dubail, only to find that Aurora was not Zikawei. Two were hopelessly lost in the heart of the Chinese section of the city, until they luckily met a Marist brother. Four finally wound up at St. Joseph's, down town, whence they phoned to Zikawei, and were cordially invited out the next day.

Our confused wanderings were a *felix culpa,* though, for they caused us to meet Father Meade, a young American Vincentian. Like long lost brothers, he greeted us, jumping from his ricksha in a way very unbefitting the long black habit; for he is practically alone in Shanghai, being the only American priest there. He had dinner with us on the boat, next evening, and gave many interesting sidelights on mission life and the difficulties of American missioners in particular.

Shanghai we found to be a very hot city, with better streets but dirtier people than their Mongolian brothers across the Yellow Sea. The favorite costume of men and women indiscriminately is pajamas, though often the men omit the upper part. Six or eight gentlemen so attired could commonly be seen behind the counters of the small shops waiting for the customers who never come, and proving to tourists that Chinese are, *ex natura,* a merchant race. We became acquainted with the ruffianly ricksha drivers, too, who beg for your patronage and then try to bully and bluster a higher price out of you. And lower than these, even, seemed the coolies along the docks, who work like so many animals, almost, droning a high monotonous tune as they doublequick from boat to warehouse. We saw one little fellow who

couldn't have been more than ten, carrying a heavy bag of flour, and when it slipped from his head not one of the scores of coolies noticed his distress to help him. Beggars abounded, young and old; and here we first saw human scavengers who rushed to the side of the ship when the morning's garbage poured out and carried away to their houseboats what chickens' feet and entrails and rotten fruit and scraps of bread and grease the galley cook couldn't make use of.

Policing the city were Sikhs, in khaki, with raven black beard and red turban, and healthily were they feared by the riff-raff.

At Zikawei, as at Aurora, we were welcomed very kindly by Father Rector, Father Gherzi over at the Observatory, Father Kennally and many others. Some of them spoke English, and some of them did n't; and some of us spoke French, but most of us did n't. We sprang to Latin as a refuge, but their Latin was as fast as their French, and with a Gallic accent; but with many a Whoa, and Now, and Quid, we were able to get along.

Father Rector spoke English very well, and he escorted us over the whole vast establishment, and very patiently and courteously explained the details. We saw the library first, with its many valuable Chinese manuscripts; then, the High School Building, preparatory to the University down town. Also, at Zikawei, are the Noviceship, Philosophate and Theologate. The Observatory, with its very capable director, Father Gherzi, was extremely interesting. He is official weather man for some 400 miles of Chinese coast. Then we went over to the boys' large Industrial School; 650 boys and men are there, and their products include a very wide variety—hand-carved wooden altars, oil paintings, Chinese-English type, books, brass candle-sticks, nickel bicycle wheels, and many other things. Down the street was the women's Industrial School, another extensive place, with 2,000 employed. They make very excellent altar vestments, very light and durable, and at a cheap price; and wonderfully fine laces, Brussels and Irish, and many other kinds which we ignorant men know nothing of. These sell readily. At the Palace Hotel, down-town, the clerk always urges his patrons to visit Zikawei, and they come back lamenting that they just couldn't help spending money for those lovely things. Most of this work, however, is ordered long before, and thus income is assured.

It was extremely hot that afternoon, but each part of Father Rector's tour was more interesting than the previous one, and we were glad to go on. The best place of all was saved for the last. It was the Orphanage. In the yard were the little children playing and shouting around the American strangers. Upstairs, was the nursery, with smaller children in the cribs—the babies, in great part, of the Chinese Christian women working over in the shops. And across the yard was the foundling home with a score of waifs rescued from Paganism. Some sucked their thumbs with vigor; but over in one of the rooms lay little tots whose faces were blueishly pale or unhealthily red, and whose cries were pitifully weak. These, we were told, were hovering between life and death, and might be saved if they could be nursed. And next door, we were told, were the little ones who would surely die.

We tiptoed into the death-chamber; about 40 infants were there, two or three in each crib, the death-rate about a crib full a day. At first it was sickening, as closeness of death usually is. But then other thoughts came. The old Sister and the Rector were visibly bright with joy in this Paradise-ward of theirs, and a glimpse of the eternity of bliss so soon opening to these weak creatures freed us from all depression. Over in the corner was one crib with curtains drawn. Lifting these, I saw three corpses, one the tiniest doll baby I ever saw; but the sight of death brought not terror or dread, but joy now, as it always does as soon as we realize Christ is standing close by.

The boat left next day at 12, with high-tide, but down the harbor engine trouble held us up for nine hours. It was a fortunate delay, for the glass was falling, and while we lay at anchor and the mechanics sweated to repair the broken steam-pipe, a typhoon was passing north, and when we finally sailed, we encountered not its dangerous centre, but only the tail, which rocked the boat just enough to be interesting.

We docked at Hong Kong the morning of the 30th. Our old friend, Father Chan, was soon in our staterooms. Rumors of revolution were thick; the purser had radio'd ahead to see if railroads to Canton were still running, but received no reply. But a young Mr. O'Conor, a Catholic boy from Philadelphia, also dropped in on us, and soon got the information: "A train leaves for Canton at 8 A. M." That allowed ten minutes; we grabbed our hats and ran for the gangway to meet an officer's curt, "None ashore until the

English police come aboard." Father Parker rushed upstairs again and expressed to the officer some rather decided views about punctilious red tape, and the purser soon said, "You may land." Someone else said, "You need Chinese money"; another, "You need your passports, for Canton is in a state of war," but these were in the hands of some other officials, and we couldn't wait. We jumped into rickshas, raced to the station, and plumped ourselves in a compartment, armed only with some American greenbacks and much American nerve. This combination, as we expected, amply sufficed.

It took four Chinese railway employees, attired in their underwear, about 37 minutes to decide just how much American money we must pay. The train had no diner, only a kitchen-car, from which it distributed various delicacies. We tried coffee and chicken and cakes; but the chicken was tough, and the coffee and cakes indescribable. Apart from this, though, it was a very peaceful trip. Most of the party enjoyed sound naps while they were passing through the bellicose country, and we are holding for posterity a time-exposure picture of our most dignified member, sleeping on in awkward tranquility even after our express had stopped in revolutionary Canton itself.

We found that much talked-of city enjoying a very typically sleepy Sunday noon. Tourists are told to visit Canton if they want to see genuine China, and we soon discovered this to our discomfort; for in the station and the big square outside we couldn't discover a single English-speaking soul. We were about despairing when a ragged boy showed understanding of the word "motor car"; we pressed him and he ran down the street, we following, surrounded by his ragged, cheering gang. After several turnings, in which we almost lost him, our now large party caught up with him at a barred-up garage, where, to our delight, we found a boy who spoke fair English, and a large Fiat car which they would rent for 12 Canton dollars—about 7 American—for two hours. "Only you must go with us to get a permit from Police Headquarters," they conditioned.

That sounded easy and we drove around. Police Headquarters was in an old temple, with soldiers guarding the outer gates. Finally we reached the inmost sanctum and the august Chief of Police, attired in a very cool, white robe. Our friend stated the request, but, to our astonishment, we were refused. It was scarcely believable, and

we pushed the case and blustered, but the cool gentleman had made up his mind and turned to other business, passing just one brief remark that made our little friend turn green with fright.

We had to be satisfied with riding around in richshas during all our stay in the big city; but we could not justly find fault with that chief. General Chen Chiungming was in control of Canton at the time, but his hold was very precarious. North of the city his troops were battling with those of Dr. Sun Yat-sen. The latter had gunboats in the river outside of the city, had bombarded it, and might do so again; and besides, was former idol of the Cantonese, and still very popular among them.

Still we saw much of the city. We reached the East and West Bunds, and wandered, by mistake, into an Anglican Church where we were graciously treated to a cup of tea. We had money changed and thirst assuaged at the Oriental Hotel, with its barred front guarded by a home-guard company of business men. Bars and barricades and soldiers were common sights, and necessary, they told us, bitterly, since this Chen was hiring brigands as soldiers, and Canton was at their mercy. But all the soldiers, all 57 varieties of them, were quite inoffensive in appearance.

Very fortunately we arrived back at the station some fifteen minutes early, for there we met four Canadian Sisters of the Immaculate Conception from Montreal. They wanted us to visit their Leper Settlement, between Hong Kong and Canton, but time did not allow. All four were stationed in Canton, and one had been there for 32 years. We boarded the train moved to reverent admiration. They seemed, in those rough surroundings, especially gentle and fragile. Yet, still, how heroically strong!

Crossing the cool little ferry that night, from Kowloon to Hong Kong, some of us met a very agreeable young Catholic fellow, a Eurasian, who gladly guided us about his city, very clean and modern. To our surprise we found it, for all practical purposes, a curfew town; its gentle English inhabitants are models of propriety, home-loving people who stay home at night, retire early, and engage in the most decorous recreations. Our friend belonged to the Cathedral parish.

The next day the Maryknoll Fathers took us in charge, and most cordially they entertained us. In the morning Father Cairns treated us to a big automobile for the wonder-

ful round-the-island 40-mile drive. Then, on the cable railway, we ascended the peak overlooking the harbor. A slight mishap marred the auto ride, when another machine ran into us. But nothing more serious happened than some bent mudguards and lost patience. To exonerate our driver, we paid a special visit to the garage and left our testimony with the owners.

Then we crossed the river for dinner, at the Maryknoll Procure in Kowloon. They had tried hard to locate this Procure more prominently, in Hong Kong itself, but unsuccessfully—"Whether because we were Americans, or because we were Catholics, I do n't know," said Father Walsh.

And what a reception we received there. It was St. Ignatius Day, but Jesuit superiors at home could scarcely have treated their subjects more kindly than we were that day by our Maryknoll hosts. Father Cairns, as Procurator of the Mission, is in charge there. He is a Holy Cross graduate, and we were especially anxious to see him. But he was very busy; he had been running around town all morning, borrowing china and buying food, and now he was down in the galley preparing the victuals. But Father Murray, from Boston College, and Father Vogel, both Maryknoll men, together with Father McQuade, a visiting parish priest from San Francisco, made us soon entirely at home. Then the call sounded and we crowded into the dining-room with the table elongated to its limit. Father Chan was present, and with him another Chinese priest, Father Francis, and they helped us enjoy the nice dinner which must have cost our host more than a little. Right at the beginning, our soon-to-be Minister, Father Shanahan, marred the dignity of the occasion by dropping a plate of soup in his lap, but that was just an apt prelude for Father McQuade's funny stories, and Father Murray's tales of brigands.

Two hours went swiftly by, with much talk and laughter and some little eating. It was a pleasant union of American priests in China. But that expresses it very tamely. At the end of the meal, Father McQuade lifted his glass and said quietly, "Here's to Maryknoll and Manresa." All joined, and it was a motley assortment of cups and glasses that they contributed, and a wild variety of liquids that were sipped, water and coffee, orangeade and ginger ale, and wine. But every eye was serious at that moment, and each man repeated sincerely, "To Maryknoll and

Manresa." With the help of God, may union and charity ever ardently burn between these co-workers in the tremendous work of leading the Orient to Christ.

After dinner we went out in a steam launch for a sail and a swim and returned to our boat just before she sailed. As she pulled away our hosts waved a good-bye from the dock, and we returned the salute with our whole hearts, most sincerely grateful for their brotherly kindness.

Again, this last two-day trip, a typhoon was whipping up our course, and this time, although the captain obeyed Father Algue's radiogram and steered a southerly course, he struck a very rough stretch of sea.

Father McQuade was our shipmate on this stage of the trip, and in no time he had become the popular man of the boat. He had been chaplain in the Spanish-American and Great Wars, and spent twenty-six months in the Philippines, San Francisco, Santa Clara University, his Alma Mater, his trip around the world, provided us with hours of interesting and humorous stories.

But to us missioners, Father McQuade was especially interesting, since he holds a responsible position in the now-organizing American Board of Catholic Missions. He has been selected as Western representative on the Board of Metropolitan Directors, three in number, who, together with the Executive Secretary, Monsignor Kelly of Chicago, will direct the soliciting, and, in great part, the distributing of all American moneys for the missions. Father McQuade very openly told us the details of the proposed organization, and said that pastors and bishops were forced to it by the indiscriminate begging of the present system.

Because of the detour around the typhoon, 7 o'clock on the morning of August 2 came, and we were still out of sight of Corregidor, America's Gibraltar at the mouth of Manila Bay, and two hours' run from the city. It was noon before we passed inside the breakwater, and almost 2 P. M. before the big boat was tied up.

The seven-hour delay had upset all the Ateneo's plans for greeting us, but still, as we slowly neared the dock we could discern black robes there, and a platoon of cadets. A few paragraphs from the August issue of *The Ateneo Monthly* describe our reception from the boys' viewpoint.

These were written by Mr. Manuel Tiangco of our Freshman Class. But he says he cannot describe Jesuit feelings.

How did we feel? Proud of the martial bearing of the cadets on the dock, *en route* to the church, and most of all in the church, where, with drums beating and bugles pealing, the 400 young soldiers standing stiffly at attention made the solemn moment of Benediction more thrilling than ever.

Later, at their informal, though excellent entertainment, the cordiality of their welcome won us. A sketch, "The Life of a Jesuit," another in which an Ateneo student enthusiastically converts a friend to come to his school, the very best in Manila; a speech of welcome from the Acting Major of the Battalion, blunt, but more trustworthy than if he were glib-tongued, in which he assures us that the boys are glad to welcome us, and will prove this by their hard study, all this showed us a very considerable side of the Philippine character which was lovable.

In the middle of the entertainment, His Grace, Archbishop O'Doherty, accompanied by Bishop McGinley of Nueva Carceres, unexpectedly entered. "I don't need to announce my coming," he said, "I consider myself one of the Ateneo family." He, too, very sincerely welcomed us.

The welcome of our brothers, the Spanish Jesuits, was extremely kind.

And the welcome of our own brothers from Maryland-New York,—well, confusion reigned. And to describe it this poor chronicler won't attempt. Nor is he fit to describe certain eye-dimmings, or throat catches that occurred on that same memorable day of August 2.

ECHOES OF THE PASSION PLAY AT SANTA CLARA.

"Passion of Christ, help us! Help us, we beseech Thee, to make our humble efforts worthy of Thine unselfish and painful sacrifice! We dedicate our 'Passion Play' to Thee, O Lord, and pray that it may bring to all who witness our endeavor the spiritual harvest of the sacred mission which Thou hast seen fit to entrust to us. Vouchsafe, O Passion of Christ, to pour down Thy blessings upon our work, and grant that it may enkindle in the hearts of men a deep and loving sense of Thy bitter suffering in the cause of our redemption. Passion of Christ, inspire us! Amen."

Surrounded by the entire cast of young actors, members of the stage crew, and all others who had anything to do with the 1923 Passion Play of Santa Clara, Director General Martin V. Merle recited the above prayer on the stage at each of the eleven performances a moment before the curtain rose. How well the prayer was answered everyone of the 40,000 who experienced the thrill of the drama can attest.

Eminent critics have not feared to compromise their reputation by pronouncing the Passion Play of Santa Clara greater than that of Oberammergau.

Some California scholastics stationed at Innsbruck, Austria, who were fortunate enough to witness the last production of the Passion Play of Oberammergau, spoke to Anton Lang, world-famous "Christus," about the Passion Play of Santa Clara, to be given on the far away Pacific coast in the spring of 1923. The great actor became so interested that he sent to Mr. Martin V. Merle, asking for a copy of the Santa Clara play. After perusing it Anton Lang wrote as follows to Mr. Merle:

"I have received a copy of your Passion Play, which is most interesting to me. However, it is, as I see, so differently built up that ours and yours cannot be compared. But of one thing we are sure, both want to give the mission of Our Savior's life and show His love for us poor men, a love that was so great that He even gave His precious life for us."

This letter should give pause to those who would institute a comparison between the Passion Play of Oberammergau and that of Santa Clara. Though treating of the same subject, they are almost too different for comparison. Clay M. Greene wrote the Passion Play of Santa Clara years ago, after witnessing the play at Oberammergau, and his entire conception of the passion was different from that portrayed in the European play. For instance, in the latter production the "Christus" is the central figure, dominating everything. In the Santa Clara production, the "Christus," though certainly the protagonist, not only speaks no lines, but never once appears on the stage, His presence being always represented by a shining light. This is in itself a dramatic marvel that is almost without a parallel. Each drama may well be considered supreme in its own line. But one thing all critics seem agreed upon: No Passion Play save that of Oberammergau can be classed with Clay M. Greene's, written for, and dedicated to his Alma Mater.

We do not here intend to give a detailed review of the play itself but rather a few of the interesting circumstances surrounding its production.

Of course, there was great rivalry among the boys for parts in the cast. Thorough tryouts were held for all the leading roles, and every lad who presented himself was given a fair trial. When the parts were assigned, so enthusiastic were the youngsters that after the very first week of rehearsal every one of them knew his lines perfectly.

As the success of the sacred drama depended in large part on the unction with which the saintly characters were represented, the director, himself a daily communicant, organized the huge cast into 12 bands, with one of the boys who was to take the part of an apostle at the head of each band. On successive days, then, for over four months, each apostle led his band of actors to communion in the boys' chapel. In that way the production had for the students of Santa Clara a far deeper significance than an ordinary college play could possibly have. That it exerted an uplifting, a spiritual influence on the entire school goes without saying.

A professor from the University of California, after attending the opening performance, was asked his opinion of the play. "It was wonderful," he answered. Then, turning to the Dean of Studies, he queried: "But does n't a production of such proportions play havoc with your classes?"

However, that was one of the remarkable features of the Passion Play, as it had been of the Santa Clara Mission Play the year previous. Despite the fact that it required a full year of preparation, and that rehearsals which began immediately after Christmas continued almost daily till the initial public performance on April 26, not a single class was lost by the performers nor an hour of study hall sacrificed. All the rehearsing was done on the mornings of Sundays and holidays, and in the afternoons of regular class days during the period ordinarily assigned the boys for recreation. Considering that approximately half the entire student-body took part in the play, and that most of the rehearsals were held on spring afternoons, when the average American youth tired with the day's grind, would much rather be outside playing baseball than inside playing the dignified part of an apostle or of a mute Egyptian slave, we begin to appreciate the genius of the Director General. Only those who have learned from experience realize that perhaps the hardest of the director's

tasks is to keep his company in good spirits and make the work so interesting that the actors will not miss rehearsals or come late for them. And this Mr. Merle succeeded admirably in doing. His success in producing the Passion Play so enhanced his already excellent dramatic reputation, that the famous actor, Frederick Ward, signed him to a contract to write and produce a new Mission Play of California built around the famous Father Junipero Serra, founder of the California Missions. Ward himself is to take the leading part in the play when it is finished.

But to return to our subject. Right from the start, the youngsters were enthusiastic about the Passion Play, and never once did their enthusiasm wane. Rather it grew and grew as the days passed, and the papers began to speak of the coming play. By Easter time every campus activity had become subordinate to the sacred drama. And then the great day dawned!

A feature of this, the fourth presentation of the Passion Play at Santa Clara, was that for the first time the cast was composed entirely of student-actors. In previous years it had always included a number of alumni who were most willing and anxious to return to Alma Mater and share in her dramatic successes once again. Indeed, some of the more difficult roles, such as that of Judas, Dathian and Jechonias, had been played by the same men in all the three former productions.

Hence the Santa Clara Auditorium was thronged during the first local performances, not only by crowds who had never seen the play before, and by many who had witnessed it once, twice or thrice before, but by others who had never yet seen it from the audience, having always previously taken an active part in it. The first impulse of the two latter classes was to compare it with the productions of long ago; and even the most egotistical actors of days gone by had to admit that the 1923 production, in acting as well as in scenery, lighting and music, eclipsed all former attempts. They willingly doffed their hats to their young successors.

The appeal of the play was universal. Protestants, even Jews, patronized it as well as the Catholic element in the community; and delegations numbering high up in the hundreds from practically every school in the Santa Clara valley were present. The spirit of co-operation manifested by non-Catholic principals and teachers of the public schools in the

vicinity was most extraordinary. Many Protestant ministers from their pulpits spontaneously recommended that their congregations attend the Passion Play.

After the local presentation, congratulatory letters poured in from all sides to Rev. Father Rector. "It is to be regretted," wrote one non-Catholic, "that more such plays, having a spiritual uplift may not be presented to the public, instead of the multitude of sordid and debasing plays which are offered." "At a time when serious men and women are so much questioning the tendencies in public entertainments and in the drama in particular," wrote another, "it seems to me that you deserve the heartiest support and encouragement from all elements in the community, when you are able to give the public such a worthy presentation as the Passion Play of Mr. Clay M. Greene."

And indeed, support and encouragement were the order of the day from the local community. Capacity houses were present at each of the five performances, some ten thousand in all witnessing the play at Santa Clara.

Several months before the production was staged on the campus the student-actors were thrilled by Father Rector with the announcement that, after the local performances were over, five more would be given in the vast Civic Auditorium in San Francisco for the benefit of St. Ignatius Church. Naturally, the boys were delighted at the prospect of playing before huge city audiences, and they redoubled their efforts at rehearsals. Very special leave had to be obtained for the San Francisco production from Clay M. Greene, who, in presenting the Passion Play to his Alma Mater, had stipulated that it should never be produced off the campus. But considering the worthiness of the cause for which the permission was asked, he granted it willingly; and thereupon the sacred drama suddenly leaped into fame by attaining a success that had never before been paralleled in San Francisco.

The actors were given a few days of respite after the campus performances were finished. Then the scenery was moved up to San Francisco, and led by Rev. Father Crowley, Vice-President of the University, the large cast followed on a special train. A royal reception had been prepared for them, as the advance publicity due to their success at Santa Clara was very great. James Rolph, Jr., Mayor of the city, Supreme Court Justice William P. Lawlor, former Mayor

P. H. McCarthy, Fire Chief Thomas R. Murphy and Chief of Police Daniel J. O'Brien were among the notables who welcomed the players to San Francisco. It was a great day for the boys. Surrounded by a cordon of mounted police, they were escorted in state, out Third Street and up Market, to one of the best hotels in the city, where they made their headquarters till the final performance was over.

The hotel men, who had been expecting a crowd of rough college boys, were astonished at the quiet, dignified conduct of all, and time after time they mentioned the fact to Father Crowley, congratulating him on it.

During the five performances every suitable seat in the vast Civic Auditorium was occupied. An average of 6,000 a performance, 30,000 people witnessed the play. No dramatic production, whether amateur or professional, had ever made such a record for successive performances in San Francisco. If for no other reason than that, the Passion Play will long be remembered by theatre-goers of the city.

The severest critics were loud in their praises. "The most wonderful play ever presented in the West"; "the most impressive theatrical production of the decade," was the pronouncement of men who are supposed to know; and no one contradicted them. Perhaps the most feared and respected critic in San Francisco is George C. Warren, and conservative people suspended judgment till they heard what he had to say. "Many a profound emotional appeal has been visualized at the Civic Auditorium through the instrumentality of grand opera, national politics or patriotic gatherings," he said after seeing the play for the first time, "but no such audience has ever gathered under its dome as was brought there to witness the Passion Play staged by the students of Santa Clara University. Thousands who saw the play came away understanding why Clay M. Greene's version of the Passion of Christ has been declared greater than the play given by the peasants of Oberammergau." Then the critic went into detail, praising one feature after another in glowing terms, continuing his eulogies during the three-day run of the play in San Francisco.

Despite the fact that the drama was given long after Holy Week, during which time men's minds are naturally drawn to anything connected with the Passion of Our Savior, the play was the talk of the city. In hotel lobbies, on street cars, in neighborly gatherings, as many a Santa Clara supporter tes-

tified, for several days the question was, "Have you seen the Passion Play?" And whether the answer was "yes" or "no," a eulogy was certain to follow. Time and again rumors spread that there were alumni in the cast, that the University of California was helping to stage the play, that half the actors were professionals. People, thrilled at every performance, simply would not believe that so magnificent a production could be put on by talent drawn solely from among the students of a small college; and yet such was the case. It seems exaggeration to state that any play satisfies all tastes. Yet, apparently, the sole adverse criticism of the Passion Play came from a Jewish newspaper which indignantly demanded why Catholics persisted in representing the old calumny that the Jews had crucified Christ. The writer stated that everyone knew it was the Romans who did it, and not the sons of Israel.

There were several features of the play itself which deserve more than passing mention. On these we shall quote Brother Leo, famous literary and dramatic critic of Oakland, California: "In three particulars, scenery, incidental music, and the soliloquy," he writes, "the Passion Play runs counter to the present-day taste in affairs theatrical, and nevertheless wins the unstinted admiration of a present-day audience. Twenty-five years ago theatrical preference was plainly in the direction of elaborate scenic display. Then came the inevitable reaction, the little theatre, and the portmanteau theatre, with their slight scenic investiture. Scenery, said the wiseacres, is a thing of the past, and lo, but yesterday came the Passion Play of Santa Clara to confute the overwise, to remind the lovers of the drama that good scenery is today as potent and artistic—yea and as dramatic—as it ever was.

"Then there is the matter of incidental music. Years ago a pathetic situation on the stage was invariably accompanied by soul-freezing wails, and the poetic justice involved in the villain's doom evoked an amazing symphony of wood and wind and brass. Of course, the thing was overdone, and so, incidental music fell into desuetude. Well, the Passion Play of Santa Clara made the fact perfectly clear to even mediocre ears that incidental music has its place, and a very important place, in dramatic art.

"The veteran actor, Mr. George Arliss, recently lamented the passing of the soliloquy, and prophesied its return to

honor. It is true that in the plays of the moment the soliloquy has been utterly abandoned. And yesterday the soliloquy triumphantly re-entered the city of dramatic art. It defended its rights to existence. For how, we might well ask its opponents, could a dramatist or an actor convey the psychology of Herod or Judas save by utilizing the possibilities of thinking aloud?"

When the final performance was over, the large troupe of student-actors returned in triumph from the city. For days afterwards laudatory articles and references to the Passion Play appeared in the dramatic columns, not only of local papers, but of papers all over the State. Months later came clippings from far-off Australian journals, showing that the fame of the sacred drama had reached even to the South Seas.

Santa Clara had been called the Oberammergau of the West. In the neighboring town of San Jose the ball was set rolling to make Santa Clara something more—the Oberammergau of America—by building through popular subscription, a huge outdoor theatre where the play might be presented at regular intervals of five years. The idea was taken up editorially in different and distant newspapers throughout California, and it was proposed to make it an all-State project.

What will come of this move time alone can tell. But the Passion Play will be produced again in 1928; and whether Santa Clara is still only the Oberammergau of the West and not of America, she will strive, if possible, to increase the wonderful dramatic reputation established by the 1923 production. Once again, from student hearts, will come: "Vouchsafe, O Passion of Christ, to pour down Thy blessings upon our work, and grant that it may enkindle in the hearts of men a deep and loving sense of Thy bitter suffering in the cause of our redemption. Passion of Christ, inspire us! Amen."

BOOKS OF INTEREST TO OURS

Le Combat de la Pureté (à ceux qui ont vingt ans). Par G. Hoornaert, S.J. Action Catholique, 79 Chaussée de Haecht, Brussels, Belgium.

This is a very wholesome little book. Many of its kind have been published in recent years, but none of them has the fine practical soundness of this work by Father Hoornaert. It is full of common sense, replete with sound doctrine, and will be a great help to any of our youthful collegians. The retreat-giver and the preacher will find it a real treasure-house for sound, timely and practical instructions. Father Hoornaert, clearly, has had much experience with young men. Father Vermeersch, the eminent moral theologian and canonist, in his preface to the book, gives it deservedly high praise. A note to the editor of THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS says that an English translation of the work will soon be published.

Divi Thomae Aquinatis Doctrina de Deo Operante, Auctore Dr. Joanne Stufler, S.J. Innsbruck: sumptibus ac typis Societatis Librariae, Tyroliae, 1923.

The author in this work treats the old question: What does St. Thomas teach concerning the manner in which God, as first cause, concurs with the operations of His creatures, rational and irrational, both in the order of nature and of grace. Why is it that theologians in their interpretations of the mind of St. Thomas, disagree, and have as yet given no completely satisfactory answer as to what the Angelic Doctor teaches?

Father Stufler, to quote himself, finds the answer "in eo, quod notio fundamentalis, cui tota doctrina Aquinatis de concursu divino innititur, vel omnino in oblivionem venit vel saltem parum considerata est, i. e., notio motus naturalis et voluntarii, quorum utrique essentiale est ut ex principio mobili interno procedat; operatio enim Dei in causis creatis operantibus neque in simultaneo influxu in earum actiones et effectus consistit, ut Molinistae statuunt, neque in praemotione physica, earum virtutes ad unum determinante, ut Thomistae opinantur, sed in eo est, quod omnibus causis secundis quaedam principia activa permanentia et ad earum naturam pertinentia confert, ex quibus intrinsecus, ex seipis et sua sponte appetitu naturali ad operationes sibi convenientes inclinatur; proinde Deus res creatas ad agendum movet, non per impulsum transitorium extrinsecus impertitum, sed impressione," etc.

The Mirror of Humility, or The Looking Glass That Deceives Not, By Father John Peter Rinamonti, S.J. Translated from the Italian by the late Father Thomas J. Gannon, S.J. London: The Manresa Press, Roehampton, S. W. 1923.

This booklet is truly what the author calls it, The Mirror of Humility. It is a real looking glass, and it does not deceive. Let the reader open it and read its fine considerations. There is one for each day of the week, all short and to the point, and he will see himself as he is. The little work is very simple and practical. The author is Father John P. Rinamonti, S.J. (1623-1703). The translation from the Italian, very well done, indeed, is by the late Father Thomas J. Gannon, S.J., the first assistant of the American Assistancy. It must

have been a labor of love for him, this turning into English a work that appealed so much to his own humility. The little work fits in splendidly with the Exercises of St. Ignatius on humility.

Saint Ferdinand de Florissant, The Story of an Ancient Parish. By Gilbert J. Garraghan, S.J. Chicago: Loyola University Press. 1923.

We have read this book with great pleasure. Though the history of a parish, it has many elements in it of general interest that appeal to a wide circle of readers. The parish of St. Ferdinand de Florissant, though somewhat inconspicuous today, was a great pivotal center of wide-spread missionary labors in the days when the Mississippi Valley was under the French and Spanish regimes. Hence its history and influence are not merely local, but are connected with the main currents of ecclesiastical and civil development. It is this that makes the parish of St. Ferdinand de Florissant an outstanding factor of importance in the pioneer Catholic history of the West. "Its pioneer members," says the author, "had been there in that struggle with the trans-Mississippi wilderness which we look back to as one of the world's greatest epics of human effort and enterprise." Father Garraghan without neglecting the romance of his subject, has given us, with sources indicated, a very accurate history of Florissant from its foundation down to the present year, 1923. It is a complete work and a valuable addition to our American ecclesiastical history. Would there were more like it of our early ecclesiastical foundations. The book, with maps and illustrations, is a credit to the Loyola Press.

Collection de la Bibliothèque des Exercices, Nos. 80—81. *Juillet,* 1923. *Mélanges, Documents importants et Faits notables. Par Le P. Henri Wadrigant, S.J. I—II.*

These numbers are exceedingly interesting. The important documents and notable facts gathered by Father Wadrigant into these issues of the Bibliothèque include an account of the retreat work of ours in every part of the world. The mere reading of it all arouses a new love for the Exercises, and a new zeal for their spread among all sections of our people, clergy, religious and laity. We hope to say more about these unique and zeal-inspiring numbers in a future issue of THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

Vos Lectures. Troisème Edition. By Fr. Hoornaert. Fr. 1.25.

It contains only 64 pages, but is replete with warning and excellent advice concerning reading and the Index. There are only four vivid chapters, but they contain the best that can be said on the subject of reading.

Social Organization in Parishes. By Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J. New York: Benzinger Brothers. Price net $2.75, postage 15 cents.

This new work by Father Garesché is a timely one, because today is the day of all kinds of social organizations for every ill of human society. Catholics need a safe guide. They will find it in this work. It is the result of the author's wide experience. Father Garesché has been endeavoring during the last half decade to assist the directors of sodalities in parishes and institutions to utilize their existing societies to meet the various needs of Catholic action. The book is full of practical suggestions and plans. Nothing seems to have been passed over—not even the collecting of tin-foil. The author has

taken the sodality as a standard of organization, because it is the most universal, but the thoughtful reader will be able easily to apply the suggestions made to any Catholic Society.

Indian and White in the Northwest. A History of Catholicity in Montana. 1831—1891. By L. B. Palladino, S.J. Second Edition Revised and Enlarged. Lancaster, Pa.: Wickersham Publishing Company, 1922. $5.00 net, $5.35 postpaid.

Rosary Sunday, March, 4, 1891, marked the Golden Jubilee of the establishment of the first Catholic Mission in Montana. Father Palladino was requested to write the record of the Church's history in Montana during these fifty years. He was well equipped for the task. He had lived among the Indians, had conversed with the first priests, who preceding the gold-seekers by twenty-two years, had shared with the natives their wild and rough life. The first edition of this valuable addition to the history of the country appeared in 1893. The work is divided into two parts. The first part deals with the work of the Church among the natives; the second part treats of its labors among the whites. Hence the title of the book. As the first had been out of print for nearly two decades, the author and his many friends deemed it wise to revise and enlarge the work. Accordingly much new and important material was collected, and the first edition carefully revised, with the result that the work has been almost entirely rewritten. The history runs from 1831 to 1891, so that the more recent portion of the history of the Church in Montana does not appear in these pages. The book is adorned with some fine illustrations, and is beautifully gotten up in type and binding.

WHOOPEE! The Story of a Catholic Summer Camp. By Neil Boyton, S.J.—12mo. Cloth. Frontispiece. Net, $1.25; postpaid, $1.35. Benzinger Brothers.

"Whoopee! Another book by the author of 'Cobra Island'"! This will be the shout of joy with double meaning from the throats of hundreds of Catholic boys and girls who have read with delight the pages of that modern Catholic Odyssey in which Frank Gaze was the much-traveled leader of boys. With one accord the reviewers said of "Cobra Island" last year: "We trust Father Boyton will give us more." In "Whoopee!" Father Boyton has fulfilled that hope, for, as the publishers tell us, "Whoopee!" is a "corking summer camp yarn". And yarn is the word, for in his own inimitable style Father Boyton recounts incident after thrilling incident of a happy summer vacation at Camp Columbus—a real place, by-the-way, in more than one sense of the word.

"Wish" Craig, "Legs" Lanciano, "Sonny" Socolow, the Thompson Twins, and all the other "Heroes" of this story are every one of them refreshing boys of the Boyton type, which means 100 per cent. American-Catholic. In the doings and undoings of these healthy lads the discerning reader—and what boy is not?—will find a highly spiritual object lesson. Wish Craig & Co. spend a most glorious vacation and are amused, pleased, satisfied with things which boys of another type would perhaps scorn. Why? The answer is found in the lads themselves, for they are sons of the truest kind of Catholic aristocracy, the imperishable middle class family, within the sanctuary of which they have been brought up in the fear of God and the love of neighbor and country. It would be impossible, we say, that such boys could be pleased, let alone satisfied with such things as occupy them at Camp Columbus, unless they were actually the kind of boys they are: manly, pure and pleasing in the sight of God.

For this wonderful picture, therefore, and commentary on true Catholic boy life, we are indebted to Father Boyton, and prophesy that "Whoopee!" will find even more enthusiastic admirers among the boys for whom it was written, than among their elders, who will enjoy it too. We repeat the cry of last year: "Prosit! Father Boyton: let us have more!"

Grundzuge der geschlechtlichen littlichkeit. By A. Schmitt, S.J. *Exercitienleitung.* By G. Harrasser, S.J. Tyroliaverein, Innsbruck, Austria. Price $1.25.

In this book, Father Schmitt, S.J., Professor of Moral Theology at the University of Innsbruck, offers the lectures he delivered before crowded audiences, in the various cities of Austria. With exceptional clearness, the author outlines the Catholic doctrine on the sex problem. When treating of marriage its rights and prerequisites from the usual point of view, he decisively meets the modern objections, especially those urged in favor of birth control.

Those anxious for a deeper understanding of the Exercises of St. Ignatius, especially of their logical and psychological structure, will benefit greatly from the reading of Father Harrasser's Exercitienleitung. The book is the result of a series of conferences and discussions, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, for the benefit of the many secular and regular priests, interested in retreat work. As a consequence, the book touches many practical points and offers suggestions on the methods of giving retreats to religious men of higher education, the working classes, and other related matter.

We have also received the following publications:

Human Evolution and Science. By Rev Fr. F. P. Lebuffe, S.J. 10c. each. $7.00 per 100. America Press.

God and Caesar. By Rev. Joseph Husslein, S.J. 10c. each. $7.00 per 100. America Press.

The Unending Sacrifice. By Rev. J. C. Reville, S.J. 10c. each. America Press, Suite 4847, Grand Central Terminal, New York.

An Appeal To The Americanism of Freemasons. By D. J. Kavanagh, S.J. The Twin Towers Publishing Co., 369 Pine St., San Francisco, Cal.

Helps to Vocal and Mental Prayer. From the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. By H V. Gill, S.J. Irish Messenger Series.

The Sacred Passion of Our Lord.. Taken from the Four Gospels. By J. Mahoney, S.J. Irish Messenger Series.

Women Saints of the Gael. Miniature Lives of Irish Female Saints. By Rev. James Dolan, C.C. 5 Great Denmark St., Dublin, Ireland. Irish Messenger Series. Price twopence.

Lueurs d'au-dela! Par G. Hoornaert, S.J. Action Catholique.
Ceux qui ne Croient pas. By the same. Action Catholique, 79 Chaussée de Haecht, Brussels.

OBITUARY

Father Joseph F. Hanselman, S.J.

The epitaph which one might write on Father Joseph F. Hanselman's grave, an epitaph which would well summarize his life would be as follows:

Pater Joseph F. Hanselman
Patronus ejus Sanctus Joseph

Quem imitatus amavit vir fidelis et justus.

Such an epitaph would be most fitting for one, whose life had impressed upon it strikingly some of the characteristics of Saint Joseph, his Patron, notably the patient self-effacement of the hidden life, the *fidelitas et justitia* in execution of duty.

On January 16, 1923, the day of Father Hanselman's death, Very Reverend Father General wrote a letter to the whole Society, announcing the fact. In this letter Father General briefly summed up the characteristics of the good and devoted American Assistant as follows: "Vir fuit vere pius, singulari bonitate et modestia praeditus, Societatis amantissimus. Ipsa ejus verba, quibus mortis impendentis nuntium accepit, hunc spiritum, quo integram suam vitam vere est moderatus, testantur. Sublatis enim oculis: 'Si, tu, inquit, Deus meus, dicis, "Sufficit", pro te a laborando libenter cessabo; volo omnia facere secundum spiritum S. P. Ignatii et exemplum Sanctorum Societatis.'" We may translate it: "He was a man genuinely pious, of remarkable goodness and modest retirement and most devoted to the Society. The words, with which he received the tidings of impending death, bear witness to that spirit which he had made the characteristic of his whole life. Raising his eyes, he said, 'If Thou, my God, sayest "It is enough", I willingly give up my labors in Thy service; I wish to do all things according to the spirit of our Holy Father Ignatius and the example of the Saints of the Society'."

Here surely was an example of perfect conformity, of complete abandonment, "the old man's staff". Such had been his life; such was his death. The formation of such a life of devotedness and piety began at his mother's knee, and under his father's firm, virtuous guidance, and with the combined inspiring example of both father and mother. The parents were genial people, and at the same time strong practical Catholics. The father, Henry Hanselman, was a native of Switzerland, and came to the United States when nineteen years of age. His mother, Margaret Jacobs, was born in Trier, Prussia. They were pioneers in the Holy Trinity parish, Brooklyn. The strong devout spirit of the father in the observance of the precepts of the Church, is illustrated by the fact that on a holyday of obligation he would not open his store for business, while other Catholic business men had no hesitation to carry on business. When we remember Father Hanselman's exactness in every detail of religious rule, we may look back to the splendid, unusual impulse which his character development received from his father's and mother's training.

That training sent seven children to the altar or to the cloister, a truly remarkable grace and gift of God to a family; five brothers became priests, two sisters became nuns. James, John, Thomas, George became secular priests in the diocese of Brooklyn; Father James, the last survivor of these four brothers, died in May, 1920. One of the sisters became a Sister of Saint Dominic, and at the present writing is in one of the convents in Brooklyn; the other sister is a member of the Malinckrodt Sisters of Christian Charity, and is living now at the Mother house in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. From such a home and companionship, it is not hard to understand how Joseph, the fifth brother, was formed into a "Vir vere pius, singulari bonitate et modestia praeditus."

Joseph Hanselman passed through the parochial school of the Holy Trinity. From there he went to St. Vincent's College, Beatty, Pennsylvania. One of his contemporaries is authority for the statement, that during his stay there, he was so tormented by scruples that he ran away from the college to seek spiritual relief in other surroundings. He came home to Brooklyn and almost immediately entered the College of Saint Francis Xavier, New York City, in September 1875, from which he was graduated in 1877.

He decided to enter the Seminary, and accordingly went to the Grand Seminary, Montreal, in the fall of 1877. He remained in the Seminary only one year, however, during which he decided that he was called to the Society. He entered the novitiate at West Park on the Hudson on the 7th of September, 1878, when he was nearly twenty-two years old.

Strange to say, his brother John at first decided to enter the Society, but changed his mind and entered the Grand Seminary in 1875. Father Thomas E. Murphy, S.J., who was for several years closely associated with Father Hanselman at Holy Cross, made a retreat in 1875 at the end of his sophomore year at Saint Francis Xavier's, New York. John Hanselman, Joseph's brother, made this retreat with Thomas Murphy. They both decided to enter the Society, but John Hanselman changed his mind and went to the Grand Seminary, Montreal. Joseph followed him in two years, but corrected his decision after one year, as we have said, and entered the novitiate.

His Master of novices was the gentle and pious Father Isidore Daubresse, then in his 69th year. Of those who entered that year at West Park with Joseph Hanselman, the only survivors are Father Anthony Maas, former Provincial of the Maryland-New York Province; Fathers Renaud, Rache, Stadelman and Weber.

One who entered the West Park Novitiate a year later has written of Father Hanselman: "I entered the novitiate at old Manresa-on-Hudson, July 30, 1879. Brother Hanselman was then the manuductor of the novices. He was older than most of us; he had been in the seminary before entering and was a graduate of Saint Francis Xavier's, New York City. These three things gave him greater prestige in my estimation. His personal bearing and conduct, too, greatly impressed me. He was always kindly, considerate and courteous in his dealings with his fellow novices. There was nothing trifling

about him. Whatever orders or directions he had to give us from the Master of novices, were given briefly but precisely. Brother Hanselman was a silent man and thoughtful. To me, even then, he seemed to have caught the spirit that had so wonderfully moulded the Society's glorious sons from the beginning, and realized that this same spirit should be possessed by all its sons and carried forward by each one of the Society's members, not only for the purpose of keeping the old glory untarnished but also to add to its lustre. This all spelled loyalty to the Society's past, present and future. He was loyal to his renowned mother, the Society.

He seemed to feel, and his whole conduct exemplified this, that a great inheritance had been transmitted to us by the Jesuits of the past, and that it was incumbent on him to do all he could to preserve and enhance the glory of his personal efforts, by walking closely and constantly in the footsteps of the men who had won that inheritance. The spirit of the best Jesuit effort early took possession of him, and influenced his whole life and every action of that life. He loved the Society's traditions and everything in it that could make him intellectually and spiritually what our forefathers had been, as far as the talents which God had given him would allow.

Not only was he a true soldier in his novitiate days, but even in those early days he had the marks of a leader.

Peter Faber's sweetness seemed to have penetrated into his soul, to soften the vigorous fiber he had gathered from the stalwart De Ravignan and the heroic Brébeuf. He was gentle, but strong, too.

The spirit of loyalty made him forget self and all that counted for his own ease and convenience. His idea was, that he had given not only his whole life to the Society, but also his time, his strength of body, his powers of soul, and whatever talents God had bestowed upon him.

All who knew Father Hanselman know what a great and ceaseless toiler he was. His aptitude for work and his actual laboring and the unremitting painstaking details in all he did, indicated in his soul the seeds of greatness.

Every detail of his work demanded his attention and devotion, and they were generously given. This industry at times is not pleasing to human nature, and hence demands the spirit of sacrifice, perseverance and devotion to duty, which can spring only from the realization that a Jesuit's work is done for God, and no carelessness, no slovenliness ought to have part in it. All this clearly shows his high motives and lofty ideals in his vocation. His work and his care in his work remind one of our holy Father Ignatius' wonderful painstaking in the composition of the Institute and Rules, even the smallest. This spirit can come only from the realization of the truly great vocation of the Society, a great and unselfish devotion to its glorious traditions, and a supernatural determination that imprints the stamp of greatness on even the least thing done "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam". Father Hanselman knew that there was nothing small or trifling when informed by the spirit that does all for God and God's glory.

The details he went into, sometimes, in the tasks assigned to him, seemed to me trivial, but not so to his way of thinking and acting. This showed the man's mind, his attitude towards his work, his determination to leave nothing to chance, but to foresee every point, and

to have every point so covered and cared for, that success, as far as human effort, at least, was concerned, must crown his work. He had grasped the Ignatian principle of doing a thing as if the whole success depended on one's personal effort, then leaving the whole matter to God, as if the whole success depended on God alone.

Records left by him show his wonderful capacity for details in his work. I remember well my surprise, in later years, in going over his diaries of the life at the villa, where he had been beadle. Even the number of taps of the bell to be given for each exercise throughout the day was marked down carefully and accurately. He had thought it all out, had written it down and carried it out in detail. To the supernatural man, there is nothing trifling, small or mean, when it is done for God. What minute matters Saint Ignatius gives in his Additions for making a retreat! Yet omit these, or pay little attention to them, and you cannot make a good retreat. The minds of men, who weigh things in God's balance, grasp the importance of these seemingly useless things, because they view them with "The light of God's countenance upon them". During his novitiate the New York Mission was united to the Maryland Province, and formed the Maryland-New York Province.

Consequently at the end of his novitiate, he went to Frederick for his Juniorate, under Father Edward Boursaud, who was subsequently Substitute Secretary of the Society in Rome. It is interesting to note that Joseph Hanselman was again under Father Boursaud, as Rector of Woodstock, during his last three years of theology, from September, 1890, to June, 1893, and still again at Frederick in September, 1897, where Father Boursaud was his Instructor of Tertians. The years of his life in philosophy, the five years of teaching, four at St. Peter's, Jersey City, and one at Fordham, and his years of theology were characterized by piety, fidelity and devotedness. His fidelity, orderliness and exactness are manifested by the habit which he had, when beadle of the scholastics at Woodstock, of noting down the various matters to be attended to, so that no duty of his would be neglected and the common good of the scholastics would be faithfully promoted. His fellow scholastics looked upon him with esteem and admiration, as his fellow novices had.

He completed his course of theology at Woodstock in June, 1893, and from that date till his death thirty years later, he left a marked impress on all the works to which he was assigned.

He began his life of priestly work at Holy Cross College, Worcester, in the summer of 1893, and remained there, with the exception of one year, the year of his tertianship in 1897-1898, till February, 1906, when he was appointed Provincial, a period of nearly twelve years.

On coming to Holy Cross College in 1893, he was appointed Prefect of Studies and Prefect of Discipline. Today, thirty years later, no one would dream of imposing these two offices upon the shoulders of one man. The fact illustrates well the amount of labor done by earlier generations in the Province, and also bespeaks the growth of the college, which renders today such a combination of offices physically impossible.

He carried on this labor for four years, before he could be spared to go to his third year of probation. After four years of this laborious, self-sacrificing work, he went to Frederick, Maryland, for his tertianship.

On the completion of his third year of probation, he was sent again in July, 1898, to Holy Cross College, to be Prefect of Discipline.

Before this time, the offices of Prefect of Studies and Prefect of Discipline were managed by one Father, but on Father Hanselman's return to Holy Cross in 1898 they were separated. In this new arrangement, Father Hanselman held the office of Prefect of Discipline for three years.

The first nine years of his life as a priest in the Society, from his ordination in June, 1892, to August, 1901, was spent in close imitation of Saint Joseph in the Hidden Life, seven years of the nine as prefect in a boarding college. While there was much activity in that life, yet it was not a conspicuous activity. It was conspicuous enough to the hundreds of students, for he was always alert and wide awake in matters of study, discipline and order, but not conspicuous to the world. His name was not in the papers, his voice was not heard in pulpit or on lecture platform; his life was hidden with Christ in God. His life was not as conspicuous before the world as that of many others in the Society, for the reason that he was not assigned to public ministry at any time of his life. Even the occasional missionary excursions, which were engaged in by the Fathers at Holy Cross College to accommodate neighboring pastors on a Saturday and Sunday, were denied him, because his duties as Prefect of the college kept him at home with the boys. The work he was doing was one of the hardest, most trying and most disagreeable of all the positions in the Province, a Prefect of Discipline, a keeper of order, a quasi-policeman over hundreds of boys.

There is no natural joy in such a life, except the joy of self-effacement: the joy of a hidden life with the Holy Family, the joy that comes to the "Vir fidelis et justus." All of which he was in a high degree.

He had learned and mastered thoroughly the lesson of the Recta Intentio, taught him as the first lesson of his first days in the Society. Over and over he pondered the first rule of the scholastics with deep attention, and earnest resolution to make it practical and living in his life—"Animi puritatem et rectam in studiis intentionem habere scholastici nostri conentur; nihil aliud in his, quam Divinam gloriam et animarum fructum quaerentes; ad hunc enim scopum studia Societatis diriguntur". The second rule of the scholastics also served as a master key for his life, "licet nunquam ad exercenda ea quae didicerint, perveniant".

For seven long years of tedious routine of prefect work, he labored incessantly, faithfully, "nihil aliud quam divinam gloriam et animarum fructum quaerens"; no sermons, no lectures, no teaching, no intellectual work, just the material work of watching boys. We know well, however, that his time and labor were not lost. For he lives today in the grateful memory of the boys whom he watched and guided, he lives in the useful and zealous and holy lives of the hundreds who passed under the influence of this humble "Vir fidelis et justus."

A Father of the Province, who was a scholastic for four years under Father Hanselman as Prefect, has written an interesting appreciation of what he considered the most striking characteristic of Father Hanselman, while Prefect at Holy Cross College. He says:

"Of Father Hanselman, the most striking characteristic to me was his devotion to duty. In those days, he was strong and energetic; and he threw all his strength and energy into his work. He never sought, never expected, even for a minute, to be free from the responsibilities of his office. The result was success. The success was so great and gratifying to all, that Father Purbrick, then our Provincial, once re-

marked to me that it was his honest opinion that Father Hanselman should be sacrificed for the good of the Province. The remark was strangely prophetic, but in a sense different from that intended by Father Purbrick. For I think Father Hanselman was sacrificed for the good of the Province when he was sent to Rome as American Assistant. Father Purbrick meant that Father Hanselman was so successful at his work and gave himself to it so entirely, that it would be for the best interests of the boys and of the college, and so, indirectly, for the best interests of the entire Province, if he could be kept permanently in the position of first Prefect. This was his own explanation to me, and even Father Purbrick said Father Hanselman would one day be our Provincial.

This high ideal of duty was evident to every student. They often spoke of it. Every boy knew that Father Hanselman was working for them, not for himself, even when discipline demanded severity. Sometimes, of course, it did; yet no boy ever dared complain that he had been treated with undue severity. The other boys would not have tolerated it. All knew, too well, his honesty. They usually spoke of him as "Honest Hans", and loved and revered him.

While enjoying pranks and indulgent to human weakness, he could not tolerate real wrong-doing. For a time there was a small faction among the boys that Father Hanselman considered a dangerous element, and one boy he had picked out as the leader. He was sure the boy was bringing in liquor and giving it to other boys, and perhaps, in other ways, too, was influencing them to evil. Once, after midnight, he came to my room and woke me from what I considered a well-earned sleep. All he wanted was to know where that boy slept. He was anxious to search his pockets for the key of his locker. All that night he had been doing detective duty. It was a task most unpleasant to him. But there was an element of evil in the college; it was his duty to rid the place of that evil, and he could not sleep until it was done. I may add, the boy went home the next day.

Over the scholastics he had an influence that made us always ready for work, but that influence was due more to his example than to anything he ever said; he was but asking from us what he was doing himself. We saw him always at his work, found him always at our service. We could always talk shop with him, no matter what the hour, day or night. No matter how late he had been up the night before, we could always see him at the altar saying his mass at 5.30, and we knew he was performing his spiritual duties early, that the rest of the day might be given to the ungrateful task that was his.

Later, when he was rector of Holy Cross, I saw his love of duty in another line. The incident will be but one of many such that illustrate his thoughtfulness in regard to others. On one occasion, I chanced to be with him when he had business in a country place. We dropped in to see the pastor, who was the only priest in the neighborhood, and accepted an invitation to supper. On the way home, Father Hanselman, evidently, thought an explanation was in order, for he said to me: "Whenever I am in a country town I always make it a point to call on the pastor, especially if he be alone. I think it does him good to see another priest. It is an encouragement to him. And who knows what temptations a poor priest is exposed to when alone?" Later, I learned that this same priest had a weakness for strong drink. Evidently, Father Hanselman thought his weakness due, in part at least, to the loneliness of his life, and he would have considered himself wanting in his duty if he had not done his little bit to relieve that loneliness."

Thus wrote one who was with Father Hanselman, as a scholastic at Holy Cross.

The following is from a Father of the Society, who was a student at Holy Cross while Father Hanselman was Prefect. He writes:

"*Father Hanselman at Holy Cross in the Nineties*".

"Holy Cross men of those many years, when Father Hanselman was there, retain a hallowed veneration for his memory. It is something to say of him that nobody ever had a censorious word to say about him. Little words of banter very naturally arose at times about some modes of his dealings with the boys, but he stood always in the highest esteem of the boys for his spirit of justice and equity and kindliness. A wholesome candor was also a mark of his character, as the students adjudged him, and their epithet, spoken in deep reverence, is an expressive summary of their judgment; they called him "Honest Hans". He was, indeed, the inspiration of a spirit of equality and social democracy which, today, is the soul of student life at Holy Cross. The statement about that wonderful achievement cannot be too often reiterated.

Being in charge of studies and discipline at the college in those years, Father Hanselman was constantly associated with the students. Student relations were, therefore, very close with Father Hanselman, and whatever measure of stern decisions he had to employ on the wonted occasions, there is no report of any remark against the honesty and equitableness of the decision.

Service, if one may call in a hackneyed word, was his constant life; service to each individual as well as to the entire college. He was without exaggeration the confidant of every student; he was not perfunctory in his reception of the humblest caller.

The alumni who frequently pause to recall the "old days", will mention with a glow of love (smiling between times at the escapades which drew them to the office "carpet") the associations they had with Father Hanselman, his kindliness, his manliness, his impartiality, his thorough honesty which shone like a white light across the "hard lines" of old hardy days of college life".

Thus spoke Father Michael Earls, S.J., who was a student at Holy Cross under Father Hanselman.

On the 24th of August, 1901, Father Hanselman succeeded Father John F. Lehy as Rector.

His Prefect of Studies, Father Thomas E. Murphy, who in turn succeeded Father Hanselman as Rector in February, 1906, has written an appreciation of Father Hanselman in the Holy Cross Purple of February, 1923. He writes:

"Father Hanselman was made rector in August, 1901, and I continued in what is now the Dean's office, Prefect of Studies. Then things began to happen at Holy Cross.

The old Rudiments class was first dropped. Then rumors were circulated about the elimination of the old prep department. As this elimination progressed, the size of the college classes increased, and soon the old accommodations were inadequate for the housing of boarders of college grade. By the end of Father Hanselman's administration as rector, February, 1906, the chapel had been renovated, an extra dining room took the place of the old study hall—the first Fenwick Hall—a new dormitory "Alumni Hall" was erected, and the athletic department saw the opening of Fitton Field. It was during that time also that all the Holy Cross Bishops were brought to the college

for the First Bishops' Day, and the head of the United States Government, President Roosevelt, attended our commencement exercises The number of graduates in 1901 was only 24; in the following years, the numbers were 39, 46, 47, 42; and the progress has continued ever since.

Father Hanselman's long association with the students made him well known to the alumni, and his intimate association with the boys, in days when numbers were not so great as at present, made him as well acquainted with the younger alumni as he was with the older men. The college, also, began to be better known, in the city of Worcester and throughout the country, through the numerous college activities and the advertised progressive work of those years.

Nobody was surprised when, in February, 1906, the President of Holy Cross was selected as Provincial of the Maryland-New York Province of the Society of Jesus, or when he was made rector of Woodstock on retiring from the office of Provincial, or when he was selected to replace Father Thomas J. Gannon in Rome as American Assistant to the Very Rev. Father General of the Society of Jesus.

If, in a tribute of this kind, intended for Holy Cross College Alumni and students, I should select for special emphasis one characteristic of Father Hanselman, it would be his consistent devotion to the interests of Holy Cross, even during the years since he left there in 1906, and his constant affections for the old boys wherever he might meet them, even for the boys of the younger generation whom he chanced to meet in Rome or elsewhere.

It is gratifying to know, as I pen these lines, that the Holy Cross men in New York are just now planning a month's mind Solemn Requiem Mass, "coram archiepiscopo," and attended by the Holy Cross Bishops and delegations from all the Jesuit colleges and schools in the vicinity of New York, Tuesday, February 13, in the church of St. Francis Xavier, West Sixteenth St., N. Y.

Such a tribute as this, a tribute of prayer, is the most gratifying to any Jesuit, especially so to the humble and modest Father Joseph F. Hanselman, of the Society of Jesus."

We may add to the above words of Father Murphy, that with the impetus it then received, Holy Cross soon attained the distinction of having on its rolls the largest number of students in the classical course of the Arts' degree of any institution, Catholic and non-Catholic, in the United States. This distinction continued unabated for many years, but we are happy to chronicle the fact that now the distinction is held *ex aequo* by Holy Cross and Boston College, as Boston College, its sister college and near neighbor, only thirty miles away, has grown so rapidly in ten years, that its numbers are about the same as the numbers at Holy Cross. This is a very consoling fact to chronicle for the growth of our two New England colleges.

While the numerical growth was marvelous, Father Hanselman fostered and developed the intellectual activities of the college, stressing the work of the Debating societies, and encouraging public disputations, which gave credit to Holy Cross. Besides this he improved the spirit and morale of the students, by removing some restrictions which were irksome to the boys and unnecessary, abolishing the system of moving in ranks, and giving greater latitude in regard to visits to the city.

At the same time he was very jealous and careful of the good name of the college, safeguarding its morals, and speedily ridding it of any undesirable students.

The Holy Cross News Sheet for January 24, 1923, pays the following tribute to Father Hanselman: "He was the inspiration of the most notable characteristic of the college life at Holy Cross, the spirit of social democracy which exists there, and which is rarely found in other colleges.

Untiring vigor and zeal, his spirit of fairness, paternal interest in every student, and his fatherly love of the poor and afflicted were traits that marked him in his years at Holy Cross, and will be cherished memories of a Great Man entertained by those who worked with him in his days at Holy Cross". He had a high sense of honor and justice, a trait of character than which none is more important or effective in training boys, in making noble youths out of them, and in forming men of character.

To the problems that confronted him he gave deep and conscientious attention, and when he had weighed the matter, he made his decision, and was firm in adhering to it. However, this did not prevent him from wisely and humbly changing his mind, if he had clearer light and judged a different course to be wise. There was no stubborn adherence to a course, just because his *fiat* had gone forth once. Some of his remarks in this regard on different occasions were: "Only insane persons have fixed ideas"; "Only crazy persons never change their minds"; "It is characteristic of sane and reasonable men to change their opinion when new reasons are added".

One of his contemporaries in the Society said of him that no prefect was ever spoken of with greater reverence and affection. The students recognized his self-control, his uprightness, and were forced to honor and respect these qualities. They universally held him to be, as they put it, "square". They were satisfied with his decisions, because they judged him fair and just; he was known among them as "Honest Joe" or "Honest Hans".

He saw, on occasions, that he had made a mistake, that among the boys there was a lurking feeling that the decision was wrong. On such occasions, when he saw that he had erred, he rectified the error, and he took back publicly statements which he had erringly made to the students.

As Rector, persons disagreed with him at times, as was quite naturally to be expected, perhaps with what seemed more vigor than restraint, but he never showed any sign of keeping the memory of such episodes in his heart, nor of nursing and cherishing them against persons.

He showed a high sense of gratitude and appreciation. Some persons outside the college, who received letters of thanks for favors and benefactions said that they valued most highly a letter from Father Hanselman for its spirit of sincere appreciation.

The animating sources of his success were prayer and labor, as one who was with him at Holy Cross said of him, "He always impressed me as having the 'Ora et Labora' spirit to the full."

When the news of Father Hanselman's death reached this country, the members of the New York Alumni Association of Holy Cross College arranged to have a memorial mass for him at Saint Francis Xavier's, New York City. His Grace, the Archbishop of New York, was present, and some of the Bishops, who are graduates of Holy Cross. The sermon was preached by Rev. Joseph C. Fleming, head of the New York secular Priest's mission band. He had been a student at Holy Cross in the presidency of Father Hanselman, and was graduated in 1905. In his sermon, this Father spoke beautiful and

admirable, stimulating, spiritual things of Father Hanselman, showing the esteem in which Father Hanselman was held at Holy Cross, and the impress which he left upon her students. I shall give a part of the sermon later on.

After five years as Rector, Father Hanselman was appointed Provincial of the Maryland-New York Provincee on March 25, 1906. The reasons for his selection to this responsible office are given by Father General Ledochowski in his letter of January 16, 1923, already referred to, namely: "Cum Vigorniense Collegium regeret conceptam de sua gubernandi arte expectationem ita superavit, ut clare apparuerit ipsum hoc dono insigniter ornatum esse. Quare Reverendus Pater Ludovicus Martin eum a gradu Coadjutoris spiritualis ad solemnem quatuor votorum professionem traduxit, suaeque Provinciae Marylandiae—Neo Eboracensi praefecit".

The Institute of the Society says, "Gubernare est providere." Whether we consider "providere" in the sense of providing or in the Latin sense of forseeing, the responsibilities of a superior are almost beyond calculation—responsibilities in the intellectual and material order and responsibilities in the spiritual order.

Father Hanselman was most conscientious and energetic in both respects, realizing keenly the import of the superior's rule which says in the first rule of the Rector, "primam officii sui curam in eo positam esse intelligat, ut oratione et sanctis desideriis totum collegium, velut humeris suis, sustineat"; and in the fifth rule of the Provincial, "in studio orationis et sanctis desderiis totam sustentare debet Provinciam".

In material and numerical growth, in new spiritual and intellectual enterprises, the Province steadily advanced in Father Hanselman's term of office. Part of the Buffalo Mission was united to the Province; a site for a new scholasticate was purchased at Yonkers, the site for a college in Brooklyn was bought; Brooklyn College was built and the first graduating class went forth in 1912; the new site for Boston College at University Heights in Newton was purchased and the way was thus prepared for the separation of the college from the high school, with the remarkable results consequent upon this separation which are patent to every one. The building of the new Canisius College was begun in his time, but not opened till later. The corner stone of the new building known as Beaven Hall was laid at Holy Cross just before he retired from office. The House of Retreats on Staten Island, New York City, was opened, the Review *America* was started in his time, and Kohlmann Hall, New York City, was purchased for the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

As he had achieved wonderful results for the growth and efficiency of the college department at Holy Cross by closing the high school department, to devote all the buildings to college work, and as he had authorized the separation of the college from the high school in Boston for the same reason, so on the same principles of the hope of greater growth and efficiency of work, he wished to centralize more our collegiate work in New York City, by closing the college department at Saint Francis Xavier's and devoting all our energies to the efficient development of one great college and University at Fordham. He showed his usual carefulness and thoroughness before attempting this important change, by calling together about fifteen Fathers at Saint Francis Xavier's, New York City, to discuss the matter. He called to the meeting the Rectors of Fordham, Saint Francis Xavier's, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, and others who were formerly Rectors or

Fathers who had been in some way identified with these colleges; two were former Provincials.

The weight of opinion was strongly in favor of centralization of collegiate forces in New York City. He himself was a gradute of Saint Francis Xavier's, but he did not allow sentiment to cloud his vision. He saw that the attendance in the college department of Saint Francis Xavier's had steadily declined, from the year 1900 till the year 1911, when this meeting was called. There were then only seventy-five students in the college department. He realized that centralization was necessary for efficiency and that separation of college from high school is necessary for growth.

Besides the material growth of the Province, the spiritual force and piety, which sustained and guided him, left its impress on the Province.

When he retired from the office of Provincial in 1912, he was appointed Rector of the Collegium Maximum in Woodstock. There his life was a truly hidden life, wholly occupied in the spiritual training of the scholastics. He entered into this very important spiritual work with the same heartiness which had always characterized him.

In 1918, Father Thomas Gannon, the first American Assistant, died in Zizers, Switzerland, after a term of three years. Father Hanselman was chosen to succeed Father Gannon, and went to Zizers in November, 1918. Shortly after his arrival in Zizers, as the war was over, Father General and his Curia returned to Rome, where Father Hanselman spent the remaining four years of his life.

For four years more of hidden life he served the American Provinces, in humility, in devotion, and in unsparing sacrifice. He gave the best that was in him, all that was left, even to the last ounce of strength in his weakened body, to the unselfish, devoted work of doing everything that he possibly could for the four Provinces of his Assistancy. Like the exhausted runner in a race, he dropped in his tracks, laboring to the last. The runner revives and recovers, Father Hanselman could not recover; all his strength was spent.

During the latter half of the year 1922, Father Hanselman failed rapidly in health. It was suggested several times, even before he became so seriously ill, that he take a trip to America, to try to regain his health in his native climatic conditions, but he did not care to do it, as he feared that there would be misunderstandings and misjudgments and conjectures. He preferred to sacrifice himself and do as well as he could in Rome.

He became so weak in December that all those about him realized that it was necessary for him to leave Rome for a change of climate. America was again proposed to him, but he did not want to go, for the reasons mentioned, and because he thought he was going only for a short rest. The Island of Malta was suggested, and he readily acquiesced. There was no improvement, while in Malta, and he was brought back to Rome.

When he got back he was nearly exhausted. As soon as he returned, many of the Fathers of the Curia went to his room, as he was so highly esteemed by all, that all were anxious to see him. They were most earnest in their expression of sympathy for him. He was most gracious to all, and very happy to be back in Rome, in his own room, among the familiar faces and surroundings of the community.

He was so reduced in strength that doctors gave almost no hope. He did not fully realize how desperate his condition was, but he was

surely doubtful of the outcome, for he said to a Father in his room, that he did not know whether he was near the end or not; he thought he might hope for a few more years of work, but in case the end was near, he said, he was in the hands of God and resigned to His holy will. In regard to the trip to Malta, which proved a failure, he said, "No one was to blame, it was an experiment which failed". On Christmas Eve, in the evening, the Curia assembled to extend their greetings to Father General. On that occasion Father Nalbone, the spokesman for the Curia, in addressing Father General spoke very feelingly of Father Hanselman, as did also Father General in his response.

The Fathers of the Curia made a novena to Venerable Father Pignatelli for Father Hanselman's recovery, but evidently, as God did not grant their prayer, He showed that Father Hanselman's work was done. The members of the Curia, in speaking of him, even went out of their way to praise his affability and charity, and all spoke of the invaluable aid he constantly gave to Father General.

Father Hanselman faced the crisis like a strong man, making a gallant fight, but leaving the issue to God, with perfect resignation. His will was indomitable. He was a constant source of edification to all.

In addition to the anaemia, pneumonia set in, but even with these mortal ailments, he had hope of getting well, for he told one of the Fathers that he had written to his sister that he was going to return to America to recuperate. He suffered also from insomnia; it was his first experience, he said, with insomnia. He found this suffering so keen and trying that he said he was now having his purgatory. He bore his sufferings most nobly and patiently, according to the testimony of a Father who was with him.

A Brother was present with him all the time, and nothing was left undone that charity could suggest.

An American Father, with him at this time, said to him that he thought it remarkable for one who had enjoyed such good health during his life to have shown such kindness and charity as he had shown toward the sick, since those who are always in good health cannot appreciate what poor health is. It pleased him to hear that that was the general opinion of him, and he said that he had always tried to see that they had all that was needful. He was consoled, too, to hear that so many remembered him with kindly thoughts and were praying for him in his sickness.

As he was steadily growing weaker, and there was clearly no hope of recovery, Father General himself told him of his hopeless condition. Father Hanselman quietly remarked to another Father afterwards, that he did not feel as though he were going to die, as there was nothing, as far as he could see, the matter with him, except a great weakness. However, he was ready to believe what they said. He had no idea his case was so grave, and the news seemed to come to him almost as a shock, or at least, as a surprise.

He became reminiscent, and a Father reviewed with him events of his charitable life, recalling a number of things that gave him great pleasure. This Father assured Father Hanselman that he was not going to God with empty hands, but that he had much to present to our Lord even for the few years spent in Rome, and the Father said that he could appreciate what it meant to come to Rome at his time of life, with no knowledge of the language, and to settle down to the routine work of the Curia, after so active a life in America. Father

Hanselman smiled and said, it had not been all a bed of roses. The Father with him suggested that it would be well to receive the last sacraments. Father Hanselman accepted the suggestion, and in a day or two asked for the last sacraments himself. They were accordingly administered. This was about two weeks before he died.

During the following days his mind was perfectly clear and bright, but the physical weakness continued in spite of the many remedies applied to try to increase his strength, such as blood infusion from Father Dowd, S.J., a biennist of the Missouri Province.

Towards the end the physicians concluded, that in addition to his other maladies, he had cancer of the stomach. Every one had great sympathy for him as he was held in universal esteem.

On January 13th, three days before his death, Cardinal Bonzano, the former Apostolic Delegate to the United States, called to see him.

While there was a steady decline, the end did not seem imminent until the morning of the 15th, when he experienced great difficulty in receiving Holy Communion, and early in the forenoon he lapsed into a sort of semi-consciousness, in which he continued up to death. Oxygen was given to him during the day to facilitate his breathing. There was a priest with him all day, and at night a priest slept on a couch in the little chapel opening off his room, with a Lay Brother watching at his bedside. The next morning there did not seem to be much change, except that his breathing was much lighter. They did not think the end would come immediately, but shortly after eight o'clock in the morning, Father Walmesley recited the prayer for imparting the plenary indulgence, which had already been recited several times by others. A few minutes later, the priest in attendance noticed a change. He had passed away about 8.20, so quietly that it was imperceptible.

The Municipal government of Rome determines the day and hour of all funerals. Usually, it is within twenty-four hours. Hence on the morning following his death, the 17th, at seven o'clock, the office of the dead was said, followed by the mass, offered by Very Reverend Father General. A number of American priests attended the Office and Mass. He was highly esteemed, as Father General tells us in his letter. What is expressed in that letter was felt by everyone who knew him or dealt with him in Rome. One of the Curia wrote: "He did much for America directly by his advice, pleading, etc., but perhaps more by his exemplary life".

He was attacked, just before leaving America in 1918, by the influenza, the terrible scourge of 1918. He was weak and undermined when he took up his burdens in Rome, and he never was strong in health while there. He slowly wasted away. He died a martyr of love for the Society. He loved the Society, he lived for the Society, and he died in the home of the Curia, the centre of the Society's life, energy and activity, in Rome, January 16, 1923.

In the attempt to pick out the striking traits of character of a faithful son of the Society, we find that he has many which deserve to be mentioned. This is necessarily so, for any one who has once made the full Spiritual Exercises of Saint Ignatius with his whole heart and soul masters the principles on which all good traits and characteristics rest. Father Hanselman made the Exercises well in his novitiate and tertianship and in his annual retreats; he studied them carefully and lived them every day of his life in his daily meditation.

The consequence is that the beautiful virtues of a good religious, emanating from the root and seed of the Exercises, stand out like the manifold, spreading branches of a great tree, whose roots and trunk give life and beauty and color to its proportioned bloom. The source of all sanctity, is in the Foundation of the Spiritual Exercises. A further mysterious, secret force, carrying on the work of sanctification, is the threefold principle of the Two Standards, poverty, love of opprobrium and contempt, and humility. It is certain that Father Hanselman mastered these, and having these, he had all, for from them all flowers of virtue grow.

He was decidedly a man of self-control, in regard to himself, and in his dealings with others. He thoroughly mastered the principle of the Spiritual Exercises "Age contra", the "Recta intentio" and the love of opprobrium and contempt and the consequent humility. These were all conspicuous in his life at Holy Cross and in his subsequent positions.

As Prefect of Discipline the "Age contra," self-conquest, was his guiding star during those seven years. He was always, from morning till night, doing works that were hard, disagreeable, annoying, but he performed these works most cheerfully, with humility and with a right intention, because God had put him there. As a consequence, he served others unselfishly, putting himself to personal inconvenience for the sake of others.

He was sensitive to unkind criticism, as most men are, but in his self-mastery he always showed an even charity to his critics as well as to others.

His charity and consideration for others were notable all through his life, from his earliest days to his death. To those in affliction he exhibited all the tenderness of a mother, a tenderness emphasized by his sincerity of word and action. In the matter of charity, he never put off till tomorrow what could be done today. He never failed to show appreciation and encouragement to the members of his community.

As Superior he was easily approached. He listened with patience to all. He showed this patience especially when subjects were charged with some violation of rule. Whether his decision was for or against them, all left him perfectly satisfied that justice was done.

In the exercise of the "Age contra", he happily combined gentleness of manner with firmness of execution.

Although at times severe in his rebukes, nevertheless his severity never embittered or repelled his subjects. His reprimands never made his subjects afraid of him, or kept them from approaching him again for his paternal advice and direction. In his later years, if he erred at all, he erred on the side of leniency.

He was remarkable for his humility and simplicity. He was democratic, simple, unaffected in his dealings with all grades in the community and Province. His simplicity and humility, combined with his sincerity, kept him always alert and ready to give his personal aid and help, wherever he could. For instance, it was not a rare sight to see him, as Rector of Woodstock, hurrying from one end of the house to the other, to be of service in times of sickness or other needs. In this spirit of humility, if he thought he had offended anyone or accused anyone unjustly even in the smallest matter, he never hesitated to beg pardon, and as one remarked who was closely associated with him for some years, at times he was very embarrassing in his apologies.

He was sincere, fair and just. This was a notable trait in dealing with the students, and no less so in his dealings with Ours. He listened attentively to reasons presented to him, and decided even against his feelings, when he thought the reasons were convincing. To some, this trait may have seemed obstinacy, at times, harshness or want of sympathy, but it proceeded from principle. When he had once thought out a matter carefully, and even laboriously, down to minute details, and prayed over it, he made his decision, and adhered to it. He was not swayed merely by emotion or sentiment, when reason and intelligence had shown him that a course was right. At times he seemed impulsive and quick to act. In most cases it was due precisely to the habit of careful thought on various cases and problems. He had already considered the specific case deeply, and when the individual happening arose, he was ready to decide. His deliberations before making decisions were not long drawn out. He usually decided quickly.

In connection with his sincerity, a person of the world, a keen observer of externals, who met Father Hanselman a few times, spoke of the remarkable traits of sincerity that appeared in his eyes; "His eyes seemed to speak and inspire trust, faith, confidence".

In fervor, exactness, fidelity to rule, he was a model; as a subject he was faithful to rule; as a Superior he was faithful in a twofold way: first in whole-souled devotion to duty and to his community, and secondly in his loyalty to the Society.

"Communia non communiter", the adage of Saint John Berchmans, was familiar to Father Hanselman. He was most exact in regard to common life, he was faithful to all daily duties, common recreation and other community exercises. His careful observance of rule may be seen in the exactness with which he observed poverty, making his returns to the treasurer, while he was Rector, just as the other members of the community. As Rector he kept no pocket-book in his room. He had a deep sense of loyalty and chivalry to the Society, imbibed in his novitiate days, and strengthened and increased day by day, with the result that the Society used his loyal services and sacrifice till his last breath.

One who was a contemporary of his and who knew him well, has written of him: "He seemed to me in one sense a lonely man, yet he was not lonely, for he was full of great ideas. He had a great idea of his vocation, his call to the Society; a great idea of the glorious past of the Society, of the great and heroic men it had given to the world; a great idea of what that vocation demanded of him, an idea that dominated his whole life and every action of that life. It impelled him to toil, to give up his own ease, to sacrifice all to patient devotedness in doing all that in him lay to be a worthy brother of the great men who had gone before him and who lived with him; it inspired him, to carry down the years he was to live, his own mite of service, in order to brighten still more the lustre of his mother's crown of greatness".

The life-giving source of everything was his spirit of prayer. He lived close to God. A certain Father informed the writer of this sketch that he holds Father Hanselman in such high regard spiritually, that he prays to him to assist him in the serious responsibilities of his office.

External exactness in fulfilling religious duties is a good outward index of the care which we have of the interior man. It was noted by those who had some necessary reason to go to his room after Litanies,

that he was invariably found reading his meditation book, preparing for his morning meditation. He put aside his external activities, when the time came for spiritual exercises. When duty forced him to be away from Litanies, as happened when he was traveling, he read his Litanies privately on the journey. During meditation, he often prayed aloud, to ensure attention and better fruit.

He was a man of faith, of confidence in God, and of trust in His Providence. When overwhelmed with anxiety and pressed by the trying responsibilities of his office as Provincial, he used to say: "To carry on the work placed upon one in that office, one must have great faith". His faith shows itself in the expressions which he uses in the few letters which are preserved, namely those to his sister, Sister Thomasine, and in the expressions which he often reiterated to those who came in contact with him in their daily life. For example, a very frequent expression of his faith was uttered in the words which were constantly on his lips, "We are in God's hands", "God knows best", or "The Lord's will be done". When important matters affecting the welfare of the community or Society were contemplated or actually going on, he was always praying that "much good would result", and asking others to do the same. There is no doubt that he lived in God's presence, lived for God, and filially confided in God, "In Ipso, per Ipsum, et cum Ipso".

In reviewing the lives of good men, whose lives were nearly perfect, and whose motives were certainly perfect, a little cloud may come before our vision in some parts of the picture, which might prompt us to say: Was there nothing in which he failed? Was everything that he touched a success? Probably not. He would not be human if everything he did was perfect or an unqualified success. It is good for all of us to have some things in our lives that disappoint both ourselves and others who look at us. It keeps us humble and makes both ourselves and the onlookers rely the more on God.

If the readers of this sketch think that Father Hanselman made mistakes in administration, it only proves the limitation of man, of our human powers and efforts; but the incidents are few, and as the poet wrote, "It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill".

R. I. P.

VARIA

AUSTRALIA. *NEWMAN COLLEGE, MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY.*

Newman College, the Catholic College of Melbourne University, continues to do very well in every way. There are at present about 74 students resident at the College and about 30 who come for tutoring. These numbers compare more than favorably with the other University Colleges. The courses followed by the Newman students comprise Arts, Science, Law, Medicine, Dentistry and Engineering (Civil and Electrical). The successes at the University exams have been most marked, as the following details show. At the December and March exams Newman students practically "swept the board" in the matter of Mathematical Scholarships. They also secured first places in History, First Year Philosophy, Final French, Second and Third Year Mathematics and first place in Final Engineering. In addition, third place in First Class Honors Medicine, first in both subjects of Third Year Medicine and second in Fourth Year Medicine. All those who sat for their final medical examination secured honors which in itself constitutes a record.

Big things are expected from the class of Fourth Year Medicine in the August exams.

In the matter of sport, Newman students also more than hold their own. Last year they held the University championship in cricket and football and, on points, championships for all sports. By winning an important football match about the middle of July by 98—46 points, they have so established themselves that they cannot be ousted from their position at the head of the championship table for 1923.

NOTES.

Fr. Van der Scheuren, S.J., of the Bengal Mission, who is on a visit to Australia from India, is at present stationed in Melbourne. It was announced in the recent cables that he has been awarded the Kaisar-I-Hind Medal (first class), by the King as a mark of appreciation for his work in India.

Very Rev. Fr. W. Power (Province of New Orleans), who had finished his Visitation of our Adelaide and Melbourne houses, arrived in Sydney on June 12th, and began his work at Riverview College. Some ten days later, he unexpectedly received a cable recalling him, via America, to the General Congregation, so that he had to condense his work and leave Australia much sooner than he had anticipated. While at Riverview he gave the boys a rousing and practical three day's Retreat and left a day or two later for "Loyola"—the Novitiate at North Sydney. He was unable to visit our house at Loowong, Brisbane (Q) and left for America by the S. S. Ventura on June 27th.

On Thursday, June 28th, it was announced in the morning papers that Father Pigot, S.J., who has charge of the Observatory at Riverview, had been elected President of the New South Wales Branch of the British Astronomical Society. Everyone was very pleased at the honor conferred upon Fr. Pigot, (especially in these days of anti-Catholic and anti-Jesuit bigotry) whose work and enterprise in scientific matters have made him famous throughout the Island Continent. He has put the Riverview Observatory, especially as regards the region of Seismology, well ahead of most other observatories of the Southern Hemisphere. He is the Pioneer of Solar Radiation in Australia. The new building in which he will carry out his researches in this branch, is practically complete. The instruments are on their way from America and will be installed very shortly.

Father J. Sullivan, who has been Rector or Xavier College, Melbourne, for several years, was appointed Superior of the Australian Mission, in the first week of July this year.

According to reports received from the old country the number of candidates accepted this year is larger than at any time in the history of the Irish Province. The Novitiate in Sydney is also flourishing.

AUSTRIA. KALKSBURG.

The prospects of our College have brightened again. There are 306 boarders, 109 of whom are from foreign countries. The question of food and fuel is now partially solved. This is mostly due to the help of generous friends. We acknowledge that thankfully, for as the college was not anxious to open its door to the sons of the so-called war profiteers, who of course, could readily pay, it naturally had to accept a large number of students, who up to the present, have not had the means of paying their full tuition.

In mentioning our benefactors we must single out one, who is familiar to many in the New York-Maryland Province: Msg. Francesco Marchetti, Apostolic Nuncio to Vienna the last four years. He certainly has been a great friend to Kalksburg and its boys. He gave not only financial support—during the Eucharistic Congress at Rome, for instance, he personally took up a collection among his friends for this purpose—but his thoughtful charity went still further.

Almost every Saturday evening one could see a tall figure dressed in the cassock of a simple priest with his bundle of cigarettes, cigars, and chocolates, distributing these luxuries among the students, who crowded around him. Afterwards he would make his way around the grounds in company with the older ones, joking, warning, advising. Such was his Excellency, the Nuncio. Besides, he shared their joys and sorrows and life. While the boys made their three days retreat he came and made his eight days. When a feast, for instance, the annual alumni meeting, was to take place, he was one of the first of the dignitaries to arrive, the last to leave, and not before he had thanked the boys, who took part in the entertainment, individually. And in those sad days, when the college lost its beloved rector, Fr. Kuhn, who was taken off by a sudden death, his Grace came to take part in the funeral and to celebrate the requiem high mass.

No wonder that the nobility of his character did not fail to leave a deep impression on the students. They loved him, they wrote to him, as to a personal friend, when they were at home for vacation; graduates were invited to dine with him at his residence in Vienna, and when he was about to leave the city to be raised to the dignity of Secretary to the Propaganda, they gave him no peace until he granted two requests: to leave his portrait in their Recreation Hall and to accept an honorary membership in their sodality. Consequently, on June 21, the feast of St. Aloysius, the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception had the honor of receiving him among its honorary sodalists. His Excellency seated near the altar, kindly accepted the diploma and then knelt down with the students to recite the consecration to Our Lady. It was the last day he spent at Kalksburg. May the *Mediatrix omnis gratiae* abundantly reward his kindness towards the college of the "Immaculate Conception".

DEATH OF FATHER HIERONYMUS NOLDIN, S.J.

On Nov. 6th, the Catholic Press of Austria sent abroad the sad news of the death of a Jesuit known to priests the world over, Hieronymus Noldin, S.J. Although immediately after, the Catholic weekly

"America" published a very sympathetic obituary a few more notes of interest to Ours will not be out of place here.

Father Noldin, born 1838 in Lalurn, Tirol, was small and weak in body. It was perhaps due to his lung trouble, which he contracted in early youth. Nobody at that time would have prophesied that this thin-looking boy would live to see the passing of 85 summers. Besides, he was not exceptionally well talented. A story is told that, when he entered the Society as a secular priest, 27 years of age, he had to pass the usual examination on the whole of moral theology. He failed in it. When, therefore, later on his younger brothers of the Society in a similar catastrophe came to him, he used to smile and refer to his own misfortune, and for their consolation he used to end the interview saying: "Don't worry, God can make even an ass talk sense".

With this story we have touched on one secret of his great success. Noldin was a man much visited and liked by the people. He understood perfectly how to win their confidence at once. Just because his weak thin voice did not allow him to appear before a large assembly—he never preached and never lectured in public—he lent himself more readily to the claims of the people in particular, their sorrows, doubts and troubles. From such conversations, which quite naturally supposed clear and simple reasoning, came that ease in handling difficult problems, which students admired in his lectures and appreciate in his famous textbook even now.

Besides, Father Noldin was a man of hard and constant work. After teaching philosophy for 23 years, he was raised in 1890, to the chair of moral theology at the University of Innsbruck. Certainly it was an honor. Yet, how many of his age—he was already over 50—would have been willing to step into an entirely new field of work. He was not. As if knowing that this would be his field of renown, with the enthusiasm of youth he started to prepare his daily lectures. A few years later, he had them printed and distributed among his students. He knew no rest. He labored at the correction and enlarging of his printed manuscript, welcoming any suggestions that would improve his work, no matter from whom they came. After nineteen years of teaching, his famous *Theologia Moralis* was published in three volumes and found its way, literally speaking, all over the world. This was in 1909, and Father Noldin was in his 71st year.

He left Innsbruck. His lifework seemed finished. But ten years later the New Code was in force and Noldin's book would have to be brought to conform to the New Canon Law, if it would hold its place as a "handbook of moral theology".

At this time the Provincial, in order to spare the *senex* of the Province, appointed younger men to do this work. However, without success. The presumed *senex* then begged again and again to be put in charge of revising his own book and finally succeeded. It meant four more years of earnest labor, as the last volume did not go to press till the summer of 1922. The book had reached its 15th edition and Father Noldin his 84th year.

Now, the reaction after many hours of overwork came rapidly. Fr. Noldin grew unwell. First his mind weakened. He was then transferred to Vienna. His wornout body could resist no longer. After three months of severe suffering, very patiently borne, God called him to his reward on November the 6th, 1922. Father Noldin had lived 85 years, over sixty of which were spent in the priesthood, fifty-five in the Society.

BELGIUM. *THE BOLLANDISTS.*

Fathers Delehaye and Peeters are the two oldest Bollandists. Father Le Chat is editor of the *Analecta Bollandiana*, all the others are scholastics preparing to succeed them. Mr. Halkin is in Rome preparing to succeed Father Delehaye in treating the saints of the first three centuries; Messrs De Gaffier, Coens and Father Le Chat will treat the saints in the respective periods of the middle ages. Mr. Simon will take up the Oriental and Slavic saints.

FAYT. *ANGLICAN CLERGYMEN MAKE A RETREAT.*

During the summer four Anglicans arrived at our house of retreat. Three of these were clergymen. They were anxious to make a retreat to see how the exercises were conducted, and how all the material details were carried out. They intend to establish a house of retreat for their own co-religionists. All four made the full retreat.

XHOVÉMENT. *RETREATS FOR LAYMEN.*

From August, 1922, to August, 1923, there were 1090 retreatants.

JUBILARIANS OF THE BELGIAN PROVINCE SINCE 1832.

The number of those who have celebrated their Golden Jubilees in the Belgian Province, since its establishment in 1832, is 196. Priests, 146; scholastics, 4; Coadjutor Brothers, 46. Of these 196 jubilarians, 39 are still living—33 priests, 1 scholastic, 5 Coadjutor Brothers. Since 1832, 68 reached the sixtieth year in religion—57 priests and 11 Brothers. Of these 13 are still living—11 priests and 2 brothers. It is a notable fact that seven fathers have reached their seventieth year in the Society.

BRITISH HONDURAS.

Letter of Lord Devonshire on Bishop Hopkins' Death.

Downing Street, 12 June, 1923.

SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your despatch No. 108 of the 7th of May, reporting the sinking of the motor vessel "E. M. L." on the 10th of April last.

I learn with much concern of the deplorable sacrifice of life resulting from this disaster, and I desire to express my sincere sympathy with the bereaved relatives of the victims.

I realize fully the loss suffered by the Colony in general and the Roman Catholic community in particular, by the death of the Right Reverend F. C. Hopkins, Bishop of Athribis, and Vicar Apostolic of British Honduras, and I wish to express my deep regret at this tragic termination of his long and devoted labours for the common good.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

Governor, DEVONSHIRE.

Sir Eyre Hutson, K. C. M. G.

CALIFORNIA PROVINCE. SANTA CLARA.—*FATHER RICARD OBTAINS PICTURE OF THE SUN'S ECLIPSE.*

Many scientific parties who journeyed to Southern California and set up expensive instruments, so as to be able to take pictures of the sun's eclipse in its totality, were foiled in their attempt by the

weather. Heavy cloud banks made it impossible for all land parties to obtain suitable pictures of the eclipse.

Father Ricard remained in his own humble observatory and succeeded in obtaining pictures of the sun's eclipse at all the various phases. The pictures are excellent and will be used for research work.

GIFT TO LIBRARY.

Through the generosity of Mrs. Alice Tipton of Morgan Hill, California, and her daughter, Mrs. Mary Tipton Spencer, the University has received a collection of invaluable books on Spanish Etymology and Mexican history, together with a complete set of high class microscopes. The gift was presented to Santa Clara as a Memorial to Mr. Will M. Tipton, deceased, for years the greatest government expert in examining land titles in the south western United States, and the Philippine Islands. It was made in the hope that certain valuable research work begun by Mr Tipton might be continued at the University.

A CORRECTION.

Note from Father Culligan, S.J.

Father Culligan writes noting several errors in an article in the Feb. number, 1923, of the LETTERS. In one part of the article it is stated that within the past year only four Japanese children had been baptised. This should read 14. In another part of the article the writer mentions Mr. Frank Sullivan as the author of the Dollar-a-Sunday Campaign. The author of this very popular method of collecting church funds is Father Culligan himself. He introduced it some years ago in San José, Cal.

MINISTERIA SPIRITUALIA OF THE PROVINCE OF CALIFORNIA, FROM JULY 1, 1922, *TO JULY* 1, 1923.

Baptisms—Infants, 2,492; adults, 381. Confessions, 615,414. Communions, 1,237,910. Marriages Blessed, 860; revalidated, 119. Last Sacraments, 2,392. Prepared for First Communion, 2,719. Prepared for Confirmation, 2,108. Sermons and Exhortations, 11,654. Catecheses, 15,503. Spiritual Exercises: public, 153; private, 63. Visits to the sick, 19,453. Visits to jails, 647. Visits to Hospitals, 8,735. Sodality Members, 6,537. Members of League of the Sacred Heart, 24,872.

CANADA. GUELPH. *DAMAGE DONE BY HURRICANE.*

On June 25th, we were visited by a hurricane which will figure prominently in the history of Guelph, at least for some time to come. Not a little havoc was wrought by rain, hail, and a wind which was calculated as going 100 miles an hour. The rain veritably came down in sheets—so thick that it was impossible to see five yards ahead. On one side could be seen the orchard with fifty per cent. of its trees felled. The front lane was strewn with mighty pines while in the rear of the house the power of the Lord's right arm was still more discernible. The handball wall was nothing but a heap of bricks; the barn was open on the north-east end, a couple of its large sliding-doors had blown right in. The silo was thrown to the ground, the milk-house was lifted off its foundations and carried a few feet. Mr. Leahy, Coadjutor Postulant, was the only victim in the community. He was knocked unconscious by a flying board, and

received a nasty cut over the eye. At the Villa the Novices had a stiff fight against the wind and the rain. Our beautiful grove now presents a pitiable sight; it is nothing but a tangled mass of pines, beech trees and maples.

REGINA—*CAMPION COLLEGE.*

Campion College, Regina, was started in 1918, at the invitation of His Grace the Most Reverend O. E. Matthieu, Archbishop of Regina.

Father Thomas J. MacMahon, S.J. opened the college in the month of September of that year with one scholastic, one lay-brother, and six boys. Two small dwelling houses had been rented for College purposes opposite the Cathedral, and the classes were held in the basement of the Cathedral. By the end of the Scholastic Year, the number of pupils had risen to 23.

At the beginning of the second year, 30 pupils registered, with two scholastics as teachers. In the course of the year it was found necessary to move to more commodious quarters (consisting of four dwelling houses) in the northern part of the city.

The third year began with 43 pupils, and one priest was added to the teaching staff. Two additional houses were taken on the opposite side of the street.

The beginning of the fourth year found the College in a new fireproof brick building, three stories high, on a fifteen-acre campus, south of the Provincial Legislative Buildings, with 63 boarders and 10 day scholars, and a teaching staff consisting of one priest and three scholastics.

In 1922, the fifth year of the College's existence, 80 boys registered at the beginning, 63 boarders and 17 day scholars; but by the end of the year the accommodations were so strained that evidently something had to be done. It was not, however, till the month of July that the Rector, the Reverend Joseph Leahy, S.J., saw his way to coping with the situation. At the beginning of that month a new wing was begun, 56 feet by 80, and the roof has just been completed. The new building is of brick and is fire-proof, three stories high, with a magnificent recreation hall occupying the entire basement.

We are beginning our sixth year with 107 registered pupils, 81 boarders and 26 day scholars, and a teaching staff consisting of three priests and three scholastics, and we shall probably have to add one or two lay teachers in the near future. God has been very good to us.

SUDBURY. *COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART.*

The number of our students was increased this year by 20. It is rather good as our College is small and quite recent; it was founded only 11 years ago. This means that people are appreciating more and more classical education.

Although the students are not numerous, we have two debating societies, one for College boys, the other for High School boys; each of them has its regular meetings twice a month.

The college was presented this year with a powerful Radio Receiving Apparatus, which will enable us to hear the interesting news and concerts from the States.

ENGLAND. MANCHESTER—*A UNIVERSITY HOSTEL FOR CATHOLIC STUDENTS.*

Manchester is to have a hostel for Catholic men attending the secular University of Manchester, of which Ours will have charge, at the request of the Bishop of Salford. Up to the present the men students have not been fortunate in this regard; though the women students have a fine commodious hostel, which is conducted by a religious order.

A very large house has been taken by the Jesuits, next door to their own Church of the Holy Name, and right opposite to the University. The head of the establishment will hold the title of Warden, and this office has already been accepted by the Rector of the Holy Name.

RETREAT LEAGUE.

An interesting movement, which owes its inception to the Jesuits, is being set on foot in "The Retreat League". The proposal is that in every parish throughout the dioceses of England and Wales a committee should be set up to provide retreats for Catholic men. The procedure would be to appoint a chairman, secretary and treasurer, under the ægis of the parish-priest. Each member of the league would give a weekly subscription, those intending to make a retreat subscribing six-pence or three-pence a week. These funds would be collected and date fixed for a retreat of three days for a group of men from each parish. It is hoped there would be funds over in each case to pay for the retreats of men who desire to go but are too poor to afford the time or the small expense. A list of members going on retreat would then be sent to one of the existing Jesuit Retreat Houses, with the money necessary, a very moderate five shillings per day, and the party would go from the parish. The idea is to engender the retreat habit in every Catholic, but especially in Catholic working men, who seldom, if ever, have leisure to think on the eternal verities.

DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT PICTURE OF FATHER JOHN OGILVIE.

An ancient picture of Father John Ogilvie, the Jesuit priest who was put to death in Glasgow during the Reformation persecutions, has been found in a parish church in France, and the discovery will very likely be of importance in the approaching Cause of this martyr.

The picture belonged at some earlier time to the Scots' College at Douay, and from all accounts it agrees with the authentic picture in Rome—so that the picture is important evidence in promoting the martyr's Cause before the Sacred Congregation of Rites. In the Process of the English Martyrs the pictures in Rome were considered of enormous importance from the point of view of documentary evidence.

The Scottish Martyrs' Committee, which has been founded by the Scots Hierarchy, is proceeding only with the Causes of two martyrs. A lot of work has been done, and most of the documentary evidence is now ready for submitting to Rome.

FRANCE. *ALTAR BOYS' RETREATS.*

The retreat for altar-boys, which began at the *Petit Séminaire* of Conflans, France, Monday, September 25th, P. M., and ended Friday, September 29th, A. M., under the auspices of the Archconfraternity

of Mary Queen of the Clergy, was the fifth of its kind, and a sort of tradition has now been established. Lack of accommodation, and the desire to make the retreats select, have necessitated limiting the number of those admitted. Thus, in April, fifty-two boys, between the ages of eleven and fourteen, followed the exercises, while more than twenty were refused. These, however, were promised a retreat at the close of the summer vacation, but then again out of fifty applicants only thirty-four were accepted.

Thirty-six parishes have already been represented at these retreats by their most deserving boys, whilst others have signified their intention of sending representatives.

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY. *A WORTHWHILE COMMUNICATION TO THE EDITOR.*

Reverend and Dear Father:—You are doing your part to rescue history from oblivion; but are we, your admirers, doing ours? That is a practical question and, I fear, it must be answered in the negative.

Many of our best men prefer to be unknown, and as a consequence they carry all of their personal history with them to the tomb. If they were the only ones concerned, their silence and their love of obscurity might be excusable and even commendable. But we, their successors, need the memory of their noble lives, and we are driven to seek abroad the good example which is to be found at home in abundance if it were only preserved for posterity.

To make my meaning clearer, let me take a concrete example of an uncanonized saint, who passed half a century among us, and yet who lived and died practically unknown. I refer to Father G'elinas. That man spent over forty years of his life ministering to every form of human infirmity, physical, mental and spiritual, among the poor and the neglected on the islands near New York City. Last year I had occasion to look up his history in connection with the Golden Jubilee of the Catholic Church on Ward's Island; and how much do you suppose I found? Less than half a page of an obituary notice in the Woodstock Letters, and even that was a clipping taken from a daily paper. Now somebody is to blame. Not you, because he died long before you became editor. Probably it was a predecessor of yours who was most to blame. Here is a case where one of our saintliest men was allowed to die with only two feet of a slab and two inches of a paragraph to perpetuate his noble life! He was fairly worshipped by those who knew him, but their homage was mostly of the silent kind. When he became superannuated and had to be removed from active life, he begged to be sent back to the islands in the East River so that he might die as he had lived among his beloved poor.

Happily, I gleaned one incident about him which I am going to place on record. For two years I said Mass every Sunday at one of the institutions on Randall's Island. My work exemplifies the law of compensation. During the week I lectured to the strong-minded of a university, and on Sundays I preached to the feeble-minded of a charitable institution. Every Sunday morning I met a layman, who for forty odd years had sacrificed his day of rest in order to take care of the wayward youths at the Refuge. A man who endured that monotony for two-score years deserves to be mentioned and to be heard when he speaks.

He knew Father G'elinas intimately, and revered him as a saint. Yet the sanctity of that chaplain did not shield him from calmuny. One of the officials of the Island was anxious to become superintendent, and requested Father G'elinas to sign a petition for her promotion. Though the aspirant to office was a Catholic, the chaplain refused to sign, and his refusal was more than justified by future developments. Within a week after his refusal, he was denounced to his superiors as going about the Island under the influence of drink. The good Father was strictly temperate and never showed the slightest sign of liquor. I have that on the word of a man who was associated with him for many years. The victim of that calumny was taken off the Island for a time until superiors discovered the slander. He bore the disgrace and the sorrow with patience and silence, and thus he spent one of the few years of his life away from his beloved poor.

My informant did not say that the lady who sought promotion was directly responsible for the calumny. Possibly, her friends concocted the scheme without her knowledge or approbation. She prospered for many years, and just as she was about to retire on a pension of $1800 a year—half her yearly salary—she was discharged under Kingsbury a few years ago, and lost both salary and pension. The mills of God grind slowly but surely, and the ways of God will one day be justified to men. Meanwhile, the just have to suffer and be patient. We need today the patience of Father G'elinas.

But to return to my topic, what can be done to secure a permanent record of our saintly men? The editor of the LETTERS cannot do everything. I have tried repeatedly to get some data from our venerables, but my attempts so far have been in vain. We have here at Georgetown a most fascinating story-teller, a man of infinite anecdote. I have asked him several times to write down his recollections of the old Fathers, who are now silent in our graveyards. He usually nods assent, but it is a long step from nod to pen. Thus far he has given me nothing. May efficacious grace move him in the near future ere it be too late.

However, I have succeeded in a few instances, notably in the case of Father John Collins, who was formerly Bishop of Jamaica, W. I. When he was going to Rome last summer, I had a sort of presentiment that he might never return. Happily, my gloomy forebodings of ill proved to be groundless. On account of his long, useful and prominent career in Jamaica, I was anxious to secure some authentic documents bearing upon his appointment and resignation as Bishop. He very kindly consented and gave me half a dozen original documents which will one day, I trust, appear in the WOODSTOCK LETTERS. While he was away, I had three typed copies made of each; and now if one should happen to be destroyed, the others will probably be spared. I succeeded with a Bishop where I failed with lesser men. But that is not astonishing after all, for simplicity and greatness are closely allied. I also got one or two ex-Rectors to write an account of their reign and describe events from their point of view. Nobody can interpret movements as well as the man in command.

Before concluding my letter, let me suggest a remedy. The best and indeed the only efficient remedy, in my humble opinion, is for superiors to order our hidden saints to write down their deeds, their lights and their secret communion with God. We owe that simple yet charming autobiography of the Little Flower to an order of obedience. Since she died, a second case with a similar result has happened in the same convent. It is safe to say in general that Ameri-

cans are not as anxious to preserve the memory of departed worthies as they ought to be. Other literatures teem with biographies and autobiographies, and some deal with men and women of very ordinary gifts and merit. But America is still growing to maturity, and things will improve if we only retain our birthright and remain an independent nation. Just at present prospects in that direction are not overbright; for the country is full of traitors, and all claiming to be 100 per cent. Americans. P. J. C.

HOLLAND. VEULO—*RETREATANTS AND RETREATS.*

The retreat house at Veulo was opened June 6, 1908. On June 6, 1923, it had as its record exactly 1000 retreats. During the years 1908-1923, there were 60,643 retreatants. Of these 15,667 were professional men; 21,965 workmen; 22,027 agriculturists.

INDIA. CALCUTTA—*ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE.*
Father Francotte And His Work.

The Rev. Father Francotte, S.J., of St. Xavier's College, Calcutta, completes his 80th birthday today (Saturday, May 12), writes the *Englishman.* As a professor of chemistry and lecturer in mathematics, as the meteorologist in charge of the Park street observatory, and as a member of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, he has an excellent record of solid achievements.

Born in Belgium in 1843, Father Francotte distinguished himself as an undergradute at the University of Louvain. He came to India in his 26th year and during the half a century of his stay in India, his energies have been devoted more to educational than to pastoral work.

Apart from this work as an educationist, Father Francotte is very well known throughout India as a weather-prophet. He has been in charge of the St. Xavier's College observatory for about 38 years and his patient work is recorded in a good-sized volume of weather reports and meteorological charts maintained year after year in the observatory. His best monument to his devoted work on behalf of science is his own compilation of meteorological data for the past 50 years (1868 to 1917), a reference work of the first order. The first volume of this compilation has already been published. The second volume is ready for the press. And all will hope that he may be enabled to fulfil his cherished desire of completing the two remaining volumes of this *magnum opus.*

CEYLON. GALLE—*DEATH OF BISHOP JOSEPH VAN REETH, S.J.*

The doyen of the Ceylon episcopate, Mgr. J. Van Reeth, passed away Sept. 16, at the age of eighty years. The late Bishop was born in Belgium on the 6th of August, 1843, joined the Society in 1860, and twenty-two years later was called upon to rule the Belgian Province as its Provincial. It was in this capacity that he came out to India to visit the Bengal Mission and made his first acquaintance with the East. After a brief spell of Rectorship at Home, he was singled out in 1895 by his Superiors to go out to Ceylon as the first Bishop of the newly-created diocese of Galle.

What justified this choice was the candidate's extraordinary capacity for administration. He was not a missionary in the common use of the term: he was too retired for that, too fond of books, too old to

learn the languages of his flock, but he could organize anything into a compact, self-supporting system, and to build a new diocese Fr. Van Reeth was undoubtedly the man.

Today the diocese of Galle is the neatest bit of organization a Bishop ever ruled. A big college and a big girl's school have risen on the flanks of the hill topped by the cathedral, and the little flock of 15,000 Catholics scattered over 4,000 square miles all have their churches and their schools within easy reach, a spick and span business revealing the exquisite touch of a clever administrator.

Of his personal holiness others will write better than I can do, but its most attractive characteristic was a quiet, silent, evenness of temper which nothing ever ruffled.

MALABAR—*BRAHMIN JOINS SOCIETY OF JESUS.*

The Madura Mission contains forty-six native Jesuits belonging to various castes, but up to last year no Brahmin had ever joined the Society. Now a Brahmin has just been baptized under the name of Berchmans and has entered the Novitiate.—*C. R. and C. E.*

MANGALORE—*IMPORTANT CHANGES.*

It has always been the ardent desire of the Holy See that all missionaries engaged in preaching the Gospel in pagan countries should set about as soon as circumstances allow it, to form a native clergy to whom the administration of the whole Mission may be gradually handed over. "India must be saved by her children" declared Leo XIII, and to give a clear proof of his policy he appointed over the Syrian Catholics of Malabar four Vicars Apostolic of their own root and race. At that time in no diocese under the jurisdiction of Propaganda could a similar step be taken, nor was there any desire for it.

The Great War brought out clearly the serious difficulties which dioceses ruled by foreign Bishops may have suddenly to face. On the other hand, the Home Rule Movement, that was destined to change the whole political situation of India, could not fail to influence the aspirations of the Indian clergy. Many openly expressed the opinion that the time had arrived for them to take a large share in the government of their respective dioceses. The Apostolic letter of His Holiness Pope Benedict XV seemed to justify this attitude, and here and there requests were made for having whole dioceses transferred to the Native Clergy.

During the forty-five years it has been entrusted to the Society, the Mission of Mangalore has made wonderful progress. It has a numerous and well-trained clergy. The number of Catholics has steadily increased. New parishes have been added to the old, all manned by the Native Clergy. Even financially the diocese is on a fair footing. No wonder, therefore, if many of the Secular Priests have been, in recent years, anxiously looking forward for some change in its administration.

That, however, might have been long delayed had it not been for Mons. Perini, S.J., the present Bishop of Mangalore. When in Rome two years ago, on being asked what were his views about the movement for the creation of Indian Bishops, he freely stated that, though he could but disapprove of the methods adopted here and there by a a few, he heartily sympathized with the aspirations of the Indian Clergy, and went so far as to point out his very diocese as the place

where the new policy might first be adopted. As to himself, he could either retire or take charge of the southern part of his diocese—North Malabar—where the church had hardly made any progress. Our Father General, always eager to comply with the least wish of the Holy See, had fully approved Bishop Perini's plan. Needless to say how pleased all the Roman authorities were with the Bishop's views, and still more with his generous proposal.

For two years nothing was heard about the suggested plan and it all seemed to have fallen in abeyance, when about the middle of June news came from Rome that the diocese of Mangalore would be divided into two: the northern and more prosperous part would be handed over to the Secular Clergy; the southern part would form the new diocese of Calicut, with Mons. Perini as its first Bishop.

The news came as a shock to the people of Mangalore, so deeply are they all attached to their Bishop. Of this attachment they had given evident proof last year, when his Sacerdotal Silver Jubilee was celebrated all over the diocese. The clergy members have welcomed the change with mixed feelings. Anxious as many of them are to take part in the government of the diocese and to have it eventually entirely in their hands, they never thought that the change would take place during the lifetime of Mons. Perini, whom they all deeply revere, and to whom they know the diocese owes so much of its present state of efficiency and prosperity.

Mons. Perini was made Bishop of Mangalore in 1910. By that time he had already made a name for himself as Rector of our College of St. Aloysius. It was under him that that institution of ours became one of the greatest in the whole of Southern India. No wonder if his taking charge of the government of the diocese meant, in the eyes of all, the beginning of improvement all around. The expectations were not frustrated. Sure of the hearty cooperation of his brothers in Religion and of his Priests, the Bishop immediately set about to make the diocese, as far as possoble, self-sufficient. The Seminary first claimed his attention. He added a new wing to the old building and called for more vocations. The call was answered generously. Year after year boys and young men—mostly from the College—applied for admission into the Seminary. This year's applicants amounted to twenty, of whom ten had to be refused chiefly for lack of means and want of accommodation. It is only owing to the support given by our Very Rev. Fr. General, and the generosity of many benefactors from America that Bishop Perini has been able to train so many priests, and has the institution of learning, the Seminary, in fairly good condition.

At the same time he greatly developed the parochial organization of the diocese. Little by little, as the need was felt, large parishes were divided, and new parishes were established in places where only an occasional visit from a neighboring missionary station had been so far possible, though the number of Catholics would have required a resident priest.

The conversion of the pagans has always been one of the greatest objects of Mons. Perini. He started three new missionary stations and gave a new impetus to the two that were already in existence. The result has been the conversion of many thousands of poor Pariahs. Still more consoling is to see how, under the inspiration of their Bishop and the guidance of their Professors, the Seminarists and the young Priests are all inflamed with the desire of working for the conversion of the pagans who, in the past, were, as a rule, left severely alone.

An old educationist as he was, Bishop Perini could not neglect what is, even here, considered as the most important field of Catholic activity. Schools have been started all over the diocese, both for the old Catholics and the new converts. In this the Bishop found valiant helpers not only in his brother Jesuits and in the members of the Secular Clergy, but in the Sisters of the Apostolic Carmel also. During his episcopate his local congregation has marvellously developed in number and in activity. Besides the houses it already had in Mangalore and in Malabar, it has recently established branches in Ceylon and in Northern India. It runs a University College for Women, various high schools and training schools.

The Apostolate of the Press received a new impetus under the influence of Mons. Perini. The *Konkany Messenger* and the Konkany Catholic Turk Society owe their existence to him.

Welcome at every meeting on all occasions and by all classes, respected and loved by all as a father or friend ever ready to help and encourage, Mons. Perini will be greatly missed in Mangalore. Nor will his grief in leaving the place of his labors be less. He loves Mangalore, and how much suffering the exchange of his luxuriant garden of virtue and holiness for the spiritual desert of North Malabar entails for his heart, only the Lord knows for whose love it is made. The editor of the *Catholic Herald* struck the right note in the issue of July 11th:

"The voluntary transfer of Mgr. Perini, S.J., Bishop of Mangalore, to Calicut, deserves to be recorded as one of the most unselfish, the most Catholic acts ever done in the history of the Catholic Church in India. At an age when His Lordship could look forward to enjoying the fruits of his labors, ruling a flock that had learned to love him and expanding the works of a diocese which he had placed on its present footing of efficiency, His Lordship has offered to hasten the advent of an Indian hierarchy by vacating his See for the benefit of an Indian Bishop, and to exchange a highly organized incumbency for all the uncertainties, the privations and discomforts of a new diocese which has to be built from its very foundations. This act alone would be enough to mark Mgr. Perini as one of the great Bishops of India, by genius a pioneer, by virtue a Catholic, but a doer of Catholicity as well as a preacher, ready to set Christian love above every sort of prejudice and even personal rights. Even a Saint would be glad to see such an achievement recorded in his biography."

We can only hope that the sacrifice of Mons. Perini may find its reward in a large number of conversions amongst the poor people of Malabar.

Though it is the express desire of the Holy See that in future the Society should concentrate its energies and efforts in the new diocese of Calicut where the need of mission work for the conversion of infidels is greater and where practically no local clergy exists as yet, the transfer of the administration from a Jesuit Bishop to the Secular Clergy does not in any way imply the withdrawal of the Society from the diocese of Mangalore. By disposition of the Holy See the Society will retain in Mangalore, under the new order of things, the College and the Seminary and will continue to assist the Secular Clergy in missionary and other works of zeal.

TUTICORIN DIOCESE.

The news of the appointment of Rev. Father T. Roche, S.J., Parish Priest of Holy Redeemer's Church at Trichinopoly, as the first Indian Bishop of the newly created Tuticorin Diocese in the Fishery Coast by His Holiness the Pope, was received in Tuticorin, and great enthusiasm and rejoicings were felt among the Catholic population of the town of Tuticorin and its suburbs.—*Bombay Examiner.*

IRELAND—*FATHER GEORGE O'NEILL, S.J., PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, NATIONAL UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND, RESIGNS A LUCRATIVE AND HONORABLE POSITION TO GO ON THE FOREIGN MISSIONS.*

The work done for education in Dublin by Father George O'Neill during the past forty years, ever since on leaving the Novitiate he went to teach at Belvidere College, should have at least a passing notice in the Varia of Woodstock Letters. Besides, he distinguished himself in his university course in Modern Languages, German, French and Italian, as well as in the literatures of those countries. While a professor in University College, Dublin, he was appointed Examiner in English at the Royal University, and held that position when the latter institution became the National University. During that time he published several manuals and other books as aids to the teaching of his class, and was a frequent contributor to various magazines, especially to *Studies*, where he will be greatly missed. His talent for music, which was quite above ordinary attainment, enabled him to carry on orchestral and other musical societies among university students, whose concerts for many years were much appreciated, and which brought him into intimate touch with the musical world in Dublin. He presided over and became member of many literary societies, where he often read essays and spoke. He left behind him, when he finally carried out a long conceived desire to go on the foreign missions, a very large sphere of useful work and a host of friends, who, now that he is gone, realize more fully the useful and distinguished part he so unobtrusively played in the sphere of his allotted activities. He left Ireland on August 3rd last, with the sincerest good wishes of all for his future happy success.

JAMAICA. KINGSTON—*AVE ATQUE VALE.*

The steamer which arrived from New York on July 16th brought three new priests, Rev. Cornelius A. Murphy, S.J., the Rev. George McDonald, S.J., and the Rev. Oliver Skelly, S.J. The Rev. John Coveney, S.J. and the Rev. Francis Flaherty, S.J., are expected about the middle of August. We heartily welcome these new arrivals and wish them many years of golden service in the Mission of Jamaica.

The Rev. Joseph Lowry, S.J., who has been in Jamaica since 1921, teaching for a short while in St. George's College, and afterwards doing missionary work at Port Antonio, May River, Avocat and Mt. St. Joseph, and the Rev. Joseph Healy, S.J., who has spent his entire time of six years in Jamaica, labouring on the missions of the Dry Harbour Mountains with Brown's Town as his headquarters and the Rev. Louis Halliwell who has been Pastor of the missions at Savanna-la-Mar, Black River, and Top Hill, will leave for the States on July 28th. These Fathers have worked generously and unselfishly during their years in Jamaica and have endeared themselves to the people

among whom they laboured so faithfully. Their departure is a distinct loss to all who knew these generous workers on the Mission of Jamaica.

JAPAN—*THE EARTHQUAKE.*

From a Letter of Father Mark McNeal, S.J., America, Sept. 3, 1923.

The morning of the first of September I spent in preparing my room for the work of the school year, intending to give you in the afternoon an account of a walk I had taken with a Spanish Jesuit through the most interesting parts of the city. On August 31 I brought him to see the great temple of the goddess of mercy with the surrounding amusement parks which made of it a sort of Coney Island. We went through Ueno, the Central Park of Tokyo, and along Ginza, which corresponds to Broadway and is one of the most interesting streets in the world. We visited and lunched at Mitsukoshi, the great department store, and strolled along the main street in our section of the town, where the people spread out their wares on the sidewalk, making a brilliant picture of color, traffic and fun. I never wrote the letter. For shortly after noon came the severest earthquake this city has experienced in a century. It shook our new house of reinforced concrete like a tree in a gale, wrecking our school, breaking the water mains and exposing the city to destruction by fire. Fanned by a strong and varying wind the flames spread, wiping out Tokyo as completely as a conflagration spreading from 125th Street to the Battery would wreck New York. All night long the sky from northeast to southeast and up to zenith was a rolling mass of ruddy smoke and flame, with flashing points along the horizon to mark the destruction of the Russian Cathedral, the arsenal, the great emporia and hotels, theaters, embassies, and palaces in which were concentrated the art and wealth of this island empire.

The roaring and crackling kept us awake all night. The street right near us, which the night before had been the scene of such brilliancy and innocent pleasure, was now only dimly lighted with a few candles in paper globes. In their dim light passed a burdened procession of refugees. The people of our neighborhood camped in our garden and we stayed with them. Sunday morning we said early Masses in our house chapel where statues and crucifix had been thrown down and broken and the side altar had toppled over. Had not the sanctuary lamp been extinguished in falling, we too would have been enveloped in the sea of flame that surrounded us and drew nearer every hour of the day. Refugees kept coming into our garden bringing on their backs or in handcarts all they had saved. All through that horrible night and that sad day was heard the mournful cry from many lips, "We have saved nothing but our lives."

After a bite of breakfast on Sunday morning I went out with a Swiss Jesuit to the American Embassy to see if I could get a message through by cable or wireless. The Embassy consisted of three chimneys standing gaunt amid ashes and debris. The Ambassador had left with his archives, and standing in the midst of the ruin was a secretary who told me there was no communication by wire or wireless with the outside world. Even Yokohama, only twenty miles away, was cut off. I immediately volunteered for an American relief that would be organized. Then we went up the hill through an unburnt district to the Swiss Legation. The Minister, out of town for the week-end, had been cut off by the catastrophe. At the Swiss Legation there was an attaché of the Polish Legation who spoke to

us in high praise of the behavior of the people amidst all the disorder. Just then we heard the hum of an aeroplane returning with news from Yokohama. There the ruin was complete. Next we visited a little church in this section and found everything intact, the pastor happy and the people assembling for Mass. Most of the other churches in the city had been destroyed by quake or fire. The Marianist Brothers had brought us the Blessed Sacrament from their ruined chapel when their school was threatened by fire. The church and convent of Saint Francis Xavier in their neighborhood had already been wrecked and burned. One Sister there was killed. We knew that the Convent of the Sacred Heart had collapsed, but that all the Sisters were safe. We went home heading against a rising tide of refugees, and spent an anxious day watching until the fire died down about two blocks away from our wall. I commend our community to your prayers.

MADAGASCAR—*THE FIRST MADAGASCAR MAP.*

To a Jesuit missionary, the late Rev. Desire Roblet, belongs the credit of having drawn the first map of Madagascar. He went to the Island in 1862, a pioneer in what is one of the most difficult mission areas in the world.

A map of the Island being needed, he was commissioned to draw it. The task of surveying a tract of 960 miles long with a mountain chain having peaks 10,000 feet high was a herculean task, but Father Roblet accomplished it.

MISSOURI PROVINCE. CHICAGO—*NEW PARISH FOR THE MEXICAN COLONY.*

By special request of Archbishop Mundelein, Father William T. Kane has been deputed by Rev. Fr. Provincial to organize a parish for the Mexican colony that has been founded in the neighborhood of the steel mills on the far south side. About 7,000 of these laborers have been brought from the Mexican border. Father Emmanuel T. Sandoval has been appointed to assist in this work and will give his whole time to it. Father Kane will divide his time between this work and a regular lecture schedule at the University.

CLEVELAND—*NAME OF ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE CHANGED TO JOHN CARROLL UNIVERSITY.*

"After numerous suggestions," says the Cleveland *Catholic Bulletin*, "it was finally decided to name the school for the first Catholic Bishop in America, a Jesuit and a man whose name has been linked with the history of the United States since the struggle of the Revolution."

FLORISSANT—*GOLDEN JUBILEE OF FATHER JAMES J. O'MEARA.*

On September 8th Father James J. O'Meara celebrated his Diamond Jubilee in the Society. At the community Mass, which he celebrated twenty young Jesuits pronounced their first vows and thus gave promise of continuing the work which he had so long performed in the Province.

Father O'Meara belongs to that sturdy old race of Jesuits who are still active in England and in the United States. Though born in Ireland, he was educated in Stonyhurst with the two Fathers Rickaby,

Father Thurston, and Father Chandlery. He spent the first year of his novitiate with them at Roehampton; then he came to the United States and had a long career as professor in the various colleges of the Missouri Province. He had come at the invitation of Father DeSmet with the expectation of working for the Indians, but his zeal had to be directed to the young Indian in the classroom. For the past eight years Father O'Meara has been at Florissant acting as spiritual father. He is still in sturdy health, and expects to celebrate the Golden Jubliee of his priesthood in 1926.

OUR COLORED CATHOLICS.

Near us here is Saint Peter Claver's Church, a little mission church for the colored Catholics, and cared for by one of the professors and some of the juniors at the Seminary. On September 9th the parish celebrated the feast of its patron, Saint Peter Claver, and the colored folk got a national reputation for having sung the whole Latin Mass in full congregation. This probably is the only parish in the country, if not in the world, which can sing a full Latin service.

THE OLD NOVITIATE CHAPEL.

The old novitiate chapel, where during its fifty years over a thousand Missouri Jesuits pronounced their vows, has now been turned over to the novices as an assembly room. The old refectory beneath the chapel has been turned into a second dormitory, the kitchen has become a recreation room, the scullery is now a "splash" or washroom and shoeroom, and in addition the novices have a fine toilet-room in the old workmen's refectory below, where twelve showers have been installed. Thus the room devoted to the novices has been at least doubled, and conveniences introduced which space had not formerly permitted.

CENTENARY SOUVENIR.

In August a very handsome illustrated booklet as a souvenir of the centenary of the Seminary was prepared and widely distributed to all of Ours of the Province and to their friends. Each member of the Province was asked to submit as many names as he pleased and to write to these friends notifying them of the coming of the booklet, and of one of its chief purposes. This, of course, is to obtain financial help to pay for the extensive improvements which have been made in the last year of the old century. The construction of the new chapel, refectory, kitchen, and assembly hall, with all the changes made in the old novice building caused quite a debt, especially at the time of the high prices for labor and material of this past year and when the material had to be brought into the country so far from railroad transportation. The plan has proved successful, though it is still in the beginning, so far as the returns are concerned. It is hoped that each member of the Province will have contributed an average of $100 through his friends to the liquidation of the debt.

KANSAS CITY—*ROCKHURST COLLEGE.*

Larger Quarters.—The new wing formed by the addition of two stories to the structure between the classroom and faculty divisions of the building is very nearly completed, the painters and interior finishers having but little more of their work to do. This new portion

of the building affords a very lightsome and pleasant addition to the living quarters of the community, containing as it does eight living rooms and a large recreation room.

KANSAS—*ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.*

Laymen's Retreats.—During the vacation months Father Kuhlman conducted four retreats for 180 laymen. The Benedictines at Atchison gave three retreats for men and one for boys, and the Redemptorists at Wichita conducted two for men. The proximity of these houses kept our numbers from being larger. During the retreats Father Kuhlman had on display a large assortment of Catholic books and pamphlets, devotional, controversial, and informative. It is surprising to see how much of this literature the retreatants buy and take home with them. Devotional books, books which give expression to Catholic Faith, rank first in the choice of the men.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN. *CAMPION COLLEGE—THE MARQUETTE-JOLIET ANNIVERSARY, JUNE* 16-17, 1923.

It is a pleasant fact that in Statuary Hall of the Capitol at Washington, among our country's heroes, stands the cassocked figure of a Jesuit missionary. Placed there by the State of Wisconsin, it is a valuable token not only of the blackrobe's inspiring zeal, but of the cordial response that can be evoked in American breasts, Catholic and otherwise, by a great Catholic achievement. This truth was part of the gratifying import of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of the Mississippi by Marquette and Joliet, celebrated last June at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, just above the point of the explorers' advent on the river of their quest. The town was itself official sponsor of the celebration; other cities of Wisconsin and Iowa gave generous cooperation; the State Legislature passed commendatory resolutions; and the Governor was chief speaker. Yet there were very special Catholic and Jesuit contributions, and the theme of tribute to the Church for her beneficent offices to the whole human society was of constant recurrence.

After the due pomp and circumstance of a street parade, Saturday noon, the throng assembled at Campion Field for the opening address by the Honorable David S. Rose, former Mayor of Milwaukee. There was more than the advantage of convenience in holding many of the exercises at Campion. It is within open view of the bluffs marking the discovery; and Father Marquette's own brethren are its faculty. It was natural that the speaker should have developed his thoughts in close relation to so suggestive a setting. A ball game between the Dubuque White Sox of Iowa and the Lancaster Braves of Wisconsin followed the address; and the evening had its band concert, as did the following one.

On Sunday morning, the 17th, the anniversary day proper, a Solemn High Mass was celebrated at a field altar erected in front of Marquette Hall, Campion College. It was an impressive service, with a large attendance. The Reverend A. H. Rohde, S.J., President of Campion College, was celebrant. The sermon, by the Reverend A. J. Tallmadge, S.J., Arch-diocesan Director of the Holy Name Society, Milwaukee, was just such an intimate interpretation of Father Marquette's spirit as a fellow-Jesuit would be best entitled to give.

The afternoon program took place on the grounds of St. Mary's College of the Notre Dame Sisters—a beautiful location and the best

adapted in town for the multitude (newspapers reported from eight to twelve thousand) who came to hear and to see. The chairman first read a letter from President Harding expressing intimate personal interest in the historic significance of the day, and briefer letters of regret from the Governors of Illinois and Minnesota, on their inability to attend. The State Historical Society was then represented by Judge Franz Eschweiler, of the Supreme Court. The Reverend Albert C. Fox, S.J., President of Marquette University, in stirring periods, developed proof from the occasion in hand that the American spirit is not a materialistic spirit. Senator Horchem, of Iowa, representing Governor Kendall, whose illness detained him, added tribute to the co-discoverers' fame by setting forth the natural resources of the country they opened to white immigration. The final address was that of Governor Blaine, who made immediate contact with the interest of the throng on four sides of him, and throughout a sustained discourse, historical and interpretative, despite a fervent summer sun, kept his audience intent.

The Pageant of the Father of Waters, which followed the speeches, deserves a story of its own. Here it must suffice to say that the celebration could not have been other than a success with this feature to support it. Some six hundred people participated in the episodes, historic and allegorical. Costuming, singing, and dancing, in the midst of a lovely natural setting, were factors of a genuine delight that left happy record in the memory. Eminent credit is due to the writer and director, Miss Cora Frances Desmond of La Crosse.

A value apart from transient circumstance made the last event of the anniversary program particularly noteworthy—the unveiling of a granite memorial of the discovery on the heights of the Nelson Dewey State Park, immediately overlooking the Wisconsin-Mississippi confluence. Addresses by the Rev. A. H. Rohde, S.J., President of Campion College, and other members of the Executive Committee, accompanied this ceremony, which took place about seven o'clock Sunday evening—close to the very hour, it is said, of the explorers' arrival. The newly erected slab bears witness to all comers of the notableness of the scene before them: "At the foot of this eminence", runs the inscription, "Jacques Marquette and Louis Joliet entered the Mississippi River, June 17, 1673"; and in smaller characters, "Erected by the Knights of Columbus, June 17, 1923."

OMAHA—*CREIGHTON UNIVERSITY.*

The Summer School.—Of the 560 students of the summer school this year, 449 were religious women. The greatest demand was for courses in education, of which there were five, besides two courses in psychology. The registrants for the education courses numbered about 375.

Dedication of the New St. John's Church.—Sunday, September 2, was the day set for the dedication of the new St. John's Church. Two prelates had been invited for the occasion, Archbishop McHarty to perform the dedication, and Bishop McGovern, of Cheyenne, to preach the sermon. Bishop McGovern is an alumnus of Creighton, and is the only Bishop to be consecrated in the old St. John's.

The present church is both old and new. The old church, of more than thirty-five years' standing, has not been destroyed, but has been completed, greatly enlarged, and so transformed as to present on the interior the appearance of a new edifice. With the transepts and the apse, newly built, it is a spacious, gracefully proportioned temple of

worship. The vaults of the side aisles and apse have the cross-arches and ribbing that are characteristic of Gothic churches. In fact, the architect, while adapting himself to the style of the old church, has succeeded in making it into an artistic monument of faith and devotion which is one of the finest in Omaha and for a long distance around.

Opening of St. Benedict's School.—The first Catholic school for colored children in Omaha opened Monday, August 27, at the new location of St. Benedict's Community Home. The opening of the school is merely one very notable step forward in a process of laborious but steady development. Two Sisters of Mercy are in charge, and there are five grades. The fact that, when the superioress asked for volunteers, she had to choose between a number of contestants for the self-sacrificing work, shows the appreciation which the Sisters have won for this work of zeal.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN—*CAMPION COLLEGE RETREATS FOR LAYMEN.*

There were three retreats for laymen which were attended by 136 men from Chicago, La Crosse, and several other towns in the vicinity of Prairie du Chien. In addition to these, nine of the workmen of the college made the retreat. One of the permanent results of the retreat was the formation by the La Crosse men of an organization which should hold regular meetings for the purpose of furthering the retreat movement and securing men to make the retreat at Campion each year. The first and third retreats were given by Father Kohne, the second by Father Siefke. The earnest enthusiasm of the men was a good indication of the impression made on them by the retreat. Almost all declared their intention of bringing some friend with them to make the retreat next year.

ST. LOUIS—*GOLDEN JUBILEE OF FATHER HENRY OTTING, S.J.*

The Golden Jubilee of Rev. Henry Otting, S.J., was celebrated here with great pomp on August 15.

RECEPTION OF HIS EXCELLENCY ARCHBISHOP FUMASONI-BIONDI.

At 5.00 P. M., June 7, the community assembled in the University Library to greet Archbishop Fumasoni-Biondi, the Apostolic Delegate. After selections by the Scholastics' Orchestra and Glee Club Father Robison made a little speech of very warm welcome. To this His Excellency responded in very good English, but unwilling to allow his reception to become formal he addressed his audience from his chair. He said he felt very much at home with Jesuits, since he knew so well and admired so much the Jesuit Fathers and their work in other parts of the world, especially in India and Japan. His references to our Fathers in these countries was so detailed and so accurate that it was plain that he had been an eye-witness to what he was describing.

NEW ORLEANS PROVINCE—*GRAND COTEAU RETREATS.*
From a Letter of John A. Toomey, S.J.

St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La., founded by the Jesuit Fathers in 1837, and now the Novitiate and Juniorate of the New Orleans Province, has in late years grown increasingly popular as a house of retreats for the bishops, priests, brothers and laymen of

Louisiana. The first retreat for laymen was held in 1910. Since then fourteen retreats have been conducted, which were attended by 968 men. As many of the inhabitants of these parts are descendants of the Acadians, immortalized by Longfellow, French has for years been very common. That its influence is now on the wane would seem to be indicated by the fact that in 1916 a retreat in French and one in English being equally well-advertised, only ten men attended the French retreat, while 106 poured in for the English version. After rolling up such a majority, English retreats have since held exclusive sway.

The effects of the retreats are solid, far-reaching and in most cases permanent. The parish priests of Louisiana, whose contact with the Ku Klux Klan is of a very trying nature, are enthusiastic about the practical aid, the energy, and the good influence spread by the men who have made retreats at Grand Coteau. The men themselves are equally enthusiastic. They promote the idea among their friends. "If you make one, you will never, never miss another" embodies their attitude. They have organized the Catholic Laymen's Retreat Association of La. The State is laid out into districts, each district being provided with a "Scout" to promote the interests of the Retreat in his section. Two weeks after this year's (1923) exercises were over, the Mayor of Lafayette, burning with enthusiasm, called up Father Superior to make arrangements for another retreat as soon as possible. He had inspired a number of men to make the Exercises without delay, and a retreat which was not on the schedule will take place within a few weeks as a result of the earnest and practical zeal of this one man.

The retreatants are of all classes: great sugar planters, whose influence spreads over whole counties and after whom good-sized towns have been named; lawyers, doctors, business men, small planters and men treading the humbler walks of life. During one of the retreats, a Protestant whose wife was a Catholic, was profoundly moved by the meditation on Hell. "What! I will be separted from my wife for all eternity! She will be in heaven, and I in hell! No, no, I love her too dearly. I want to be with her." And to clinch the matter for all time, he made immediate arrangements for entrance in the Church which guaranteed to keep them together forever. A doctor from Abbeville, La., although a Protestant, was always very well-disposed toward the Catholic Church. He had baptized a great number of children, who died immediately after birth. He made a retreat, but did not enter the Church. The story is told that shortly after the retreat, he was brought to death's door. No priest being available, a Catholic nurse baptized him conditionally. Suddenly the dying man raised himself in the bed, pointed excitedly to the ceiling, while his countenance became radiant with joy: "Look", he exclaimed, "I see thousands of little children. Oh, they are calling me. They are beckoning me to come to them." And evidently he went to share their joy, as he dropped back and died.

The bishops and priests of the Alexandria and Lafayette dioceses have been attracted to Grand Coteau as a retreat centre, and since 1921, the bi-annual retreats of these two dioceses have been held in St. Charles' College. This year, 1923, the Bishop of Lafayette with 47 priests went into retreat in June, followed two weeks later by the Bishop of Alexandria and 24 priests.

The Christian Brothers from Lafayette and Covington have also made retreats here. The Christian Brothers of Lafayette inaugurated a custom which seems worthy of widespread imitation. They led the

graduating class of their high school to St. Charles' this year for a four-day retreat. The Christian Brothers of New Iberia, La., proclaim their intention of bringing the graduating class of New Iberia here next year on a similar errand. In the graduation number of the *Lafayette Cathedral High School*, appeared a very appreciative account of the four-days retreat.

The retreat period, which begins in June and ends in August, provides abundant manualia for the novices. They act as waiters in the refectory, porters in the transportation and erection of the beds, caretakers of the dormitories and rooms, and it must be confessed enjoy the whole thing immensely. Their leisure is occupied in edifying the retreatants.

The retreatants, especially the laymen, do not conceal the deep interest the life of the novices and juniors awakens within them. The waiters at the table have to answer many questions relative to the Society and its methods. In 1922, a New Orleans paper carried a glowing eulogy in verse, recording the deep impression made upon a certain layman from that city by the long black line of novices and juniors of Grand Coteau.

During these three summer months, old St. Charles appears as a veritable clearing house of Catholic activity. Now the corridors and grounds are alive with secular priests, now with demure Christian Brothers, now with throngs of laymen. In and around them all move the Jesuit novices, juniors, brothers and Fathers of the community.

It is impossible to estimate the spiritual power that flows from this big brick building in the course of a year and helps to sustain the Great Church in this stronghold of the Ku Klux Klan.

NEW YORK. *"AMERICA"—A LETTER OF BLESSING AND COMMENDATION FROM POPE PIUS XI.*

On September 17 the editors of *America* received the following letter of blessing and commendation from the Holy Father:

"With all Our heart We bless the weekly *America*, which with watchfulness and timeliness clearly, solidly and concisely defends, sheds light upon, and spreads the ideas and ideals of Catholicism, in theory and practise, in the realm of thought and of action. We bless in an especial way the work of Christian charity with which the Review itself has come to the aid of the poor and needy children of Central Europe."

America is deeply grateful for these words of Papal approval. But as the readers of *America* have been the generous supporters of the Charity Fund, it is rather upon them that the second part of this blessing falls. We are sure that they join in our gratitude to Our Holy Father.—*America*, Sept. 29, 1923.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY AND THE SCIENCE SUMMER SCHOOL.

The Science Summer School of the Maryland-New York Province, which, since its inception in 1907, has held its sessions at Boston College, Holy Cross College, Georgetown University and Canisius College, carried on its work last summer at Fordham University, Fordham, New York. Father Henry M. Brock, of Woodstock College, was in charge. It opened on July 17th with a general meeting of all the attending scholastics and lecturers in Alumni Hall. In past years, as at Keyser Island, the session lasted three weeks. This year the time

for both schools was extended to four weeks of six class days each. At Fordham there were lectures and laboratory work every day from 9 to 12, except on Sundays. The afternoons were free for recreation and private study. Fathers George L. Coyle, from Holy Cross, and George F. Strohaver, from Woodstock, had charge of the work in Chemistry, giving instruction in General and Analytical Chemistry and Organic Analysis with special reference to lecture and laboratory preparation for those about to begin their teaching. Father Brock lectured on Theoretical Electricity and Father Henry C. Avery, from Woodstock, on General Biology. Father Michael J. Ahern, after handing over the reins of government to his successor at Canisius College, came to take charge of the work in Geology and Astronomy. There were some conferences on teaching and some special lectures by Fathers Francis D. O'Laughlin, of Fordham, and John L. Gipprich, of Georgetown, and Mr. John Vegassy, of Fordham. These latter were members of the regular summer school staff. Father Charles C. Depperman, of Johns Hopkins University, also gave two lectures, one on his work at the University during the past year and one on the Quantum Theory. There were twenty-six scholastics in attendance including two from the New Orleans Province and three from the Canadian Province. Fordham, with its well equipped laboratories and its extensive grounds, proved an excellent location for the summer school, and its hospitality and opportunities were much appreciated. The largely attended Summer School of the University was in session at the same time. There was ample room for both and the industry and serious purpose of the extern students, many of whom were sisters belonging to the various teaching Congregations, added to the University atmosphere and proved an inspiration to our own men.

MEETING OF THE SCIENCE AND MATHEMATICS TEACHERS OF THE MARYLAND-NEW YORK PROVINCE.

The Association of Science and Mathematics Teachers of the Province met at Fordham University, New York, on August 10th and 11th, 1923. This organization was formed last year at Canisius College. With the cordial approval of Reverend Father Provincial, the Rector of the College, Father Michael J. Ahern, had invited all those engaged in teaching Science and Mathematics to meet in Buffalo after the Scholastics' Science Summer School to consider the feasibility of forming an association to promote the teaching of their subjects in our colleges and high schools, and by mutual encouragement and stimulation to help those engaged in this work. A similar society had already been formed in the Missouri Province and had met with much success. The proposal met with general approval and an association was organized with sections for Biology, Chemistry, Mathematics and Physics. Father Michael J. Ahern, Rector of Canisius College, was elected president, and Mr. Joseph J. Lynch, of Fordham, was chosen secretary and treasurer. A chairman was also elected for each section who was also to be a vice-president of the association. They were as follows: For Biology, Father Joseph S. Didusch, of St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia; for Chemistry, Father George L. Coyle, of Holy Cross College, Worcester; for Mathematics, Father Peter Archer, of Georgetown; for Physics, Father Henry M. Brock, of Woodstock.

The Fordham meeting last summer was presided over by Father Ahern, and at the opening session Father Richard R. Ranken, Dean of the Fordham Graduate School and Director of the Summer School,

welcomed the visiting Fathers and Scholastics to the University in the name of Reverend Father Rector, who could not be present on account of illness. A number of interesting papers were read and discussed, the longer ones being those presented by the president and chairman of the various sections. Father Ahern's address was on "The Length of Geological Time". Father Didusch read an illustrated paper on "Recent Discoveries of Prehistoric Human Remains"; Father Coyle spoke on "Dyes and Dyeing", and Father Brock read a paper on "Some Problems Relating to Energy". Father Phillips gave a lecture on "Some Astronomical and Other Tests of Einstein's Theory", and through the good offices of Father Ahern the Einstein Relativity film was obtained from Mr. Edwin M. Fadman and shown to the members. A constitution was adopted and officers chosen for the coming year. These were the same as last year with the exception of Mr. Joseph B. Muenzen, of Fordham, who was chosen secretary and treasurer, and Father Phillips, who was elected chairman of the Mathematical Section.

MAY DEVOTIONS.

The month of May again brought forth upon the campus a group of students gathered daily in prayerful devotion before the bronze statue of Our Blessed Mother. In accordance with the sweet and venerated tradition begun in 1889 by the Parthenian Sodality, the undergraduates congregated each morning, to join in hymns and to be addressed by the upper classmen on a selected one of the innumerable virtues of Mary. The exercises this year were held under the combined auspices of the Parthenian and Day Students' Sodalities.

NEW GYMNASIUM.

The Gymnasium consists of a one story and basement building, the main Gymnasium floor of which will contain an unobstructed area of 120 by 200 feet, with a roof supported by steel trusses of arched form, having a clearance in the center of 36 feet 6 inches. This will give one of the largest floor areas for Gymnasium purposes in the United States, being 24,000 square feet, unobstructed. This is larger than the Gymnasium of the University of Pennsylvania, the Princeton University, or the Catholic University at Washington.

In this area, the floor space is such that for running purposes a track of ten laps to the mile can be obtained.

There is a Spectators' Gallery on each side of the building which will permit of a seating capacity of 1100.

In the front of the Gymnasium facing the baseball field is the main entrance, which is included in a two-story wing 75 feet wide by 33 feet deep. This wing contains the Administration Offices on the first floor to the left of the entrance, which will be 23 feet wide, with an imposing Gothic portal in cut stone. To the right of the lobby will be Cloak Rooms.

The main stairway to the second floor of the Administration building and to basement is to be located west of the lobby and connects on the second floor with a large Trophy Hall having a vaulted Gothic ceiling and two triple mullion windows, one of which overlooks the Campus and the other the main Gymnasium floor.

On this floor is located a Boxing Room and a Wrestling Room.

In the basement of the Administration Building is the Doctor's Office, Men's Cloak Room, and a large apparatus storeroom.

By reason of the topography of the site, a high basement along the west and north sides will be obtained with rooms above grade. Across the north end of the basement will be a large Swimming Pool, 30 feet wide by 70 feet long.

No single detail of a healthy and modern Gymnasium will be omitted.

The exterior walls of the building will be of local stone. The style of architecture employed is Collegiate Gothic, which will harmonize with the style of the buildings last erected on the University Grounds.

KOHLMANN HALL—*GOLDEN JUBILEE OF FATHER RAPHAEL V. O'CONNELL.*

The golden anniversary of Father O'Connell's entrance into the Society was quietly celebrated with his brethren in religion at Kohlmann Hall, September 25. Just a little while before this happy occasion Father O'Connell had published his now popular book, "The Holy Angels". The Archbishop of New York, Most Rev. Patrick J. Hayes, sent a very beautiful letter of congratulation to the jubilarian for his feast day and for his book.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S—*FAREWELL CEREMONY TO OURS LEAVING FOR THE FOREIGN MISSIONS.*

The farewell ceremony to the twenty-one Jesuits leaving for the foreign missions took place on June 21 at 8 P. M., at St. Francis Xavier's Church, West Sixteenth street, New York city. Of these, seventeen went to the Philippine Islands and four to Jamaica, British West Indies. The names of the missionaries are as follows:

Those who went to the Philippine Islands: The Revs. George Hogan, S.J., of Canisius High School, Buffalo, N. Y.; Martin L. Zillig, S.J., of Woodstock-on-Hudson, Yonkers, N. Y.; Richard B. Schmitt, S.J., of St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.; John J. Monahan, S.J., of St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Horace B. McKenna, S.J., of Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md.; Joseph L. Hisken, S.J., of Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md.; James P. Moran, S.J., of Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md.; Francis X. Reardon, S.J., of Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md.; Charles A. Roth, S.J., of Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md.; Ferdinand H. Schoberg, S.J., of Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md.; Thomas A. Shanahan, S.J., of Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md.; Edward Aniceto, S.J., of Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md. (a native Filipino); Hilary Calugay, S.J., of Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md. (a native Filipino); Joachim Lim, S.J., of Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md. (a native Filipino); Aloysius Pacquing, S.J., of Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md. (a native Filipino); the Rev. Brother John J. Duffy, S.J., of Loyola College, Baltimore, Md.; the Rev. Brother Anthony J. Herr, S.J., of Brooklyn High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Those going to Jamaica, British West Indies: The Revs. George McDonald, S.J., of St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Oliver B. Skelly, S.J., of St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Cornelius A. Murphy, S.J., of Boston College High School, Boston, Mass.; E. Francis Flaherty, S.J., of Boston College High School, Boston, Mass.

ST IGNATIUS LOYOLA—*GOLDEN JUBILEE OF FATHER GEORGE QUIN.*

On September third was celebrated the golden jubilee of Rev. George Quin, S.J. In accordance with the wishes of the reverend jubilarian, the celebration was a quiet and an exclusively domestic one. He requested that nothing out of the ordinary be attempted, and so the only outward show of the great event was an informal entertainment at dinner. With the exception of five scholastics en route from California to Spain, only the immediate members of the community were present. Father Rector, Rev. James M. Kilroy, S.J., extended the greetings of the Society to Father Quin, stressing the fact that the Society's gala days were few and given only at extraordinary moments, such as at ordination, final vows, and the fiftieth year, and should be the more enjoyed. Father John Fox, S.J., himself already past his fiftieth year, remembering that Father Quin had told tales out of school about him two years before, reminisced with evident enjoyment upon the lighter scenes of the past; and the traits he brought forth made even the imperturbable jubilarian show signs of perturbation. Some happy musical selections, instrumental and vocal, were rendered by the Scholastics who also helped brighten the occasion with verse and addresses in Latin and English. Father Quin himself spoke at the end, in self-defense, as he himself put it. In vivid and happy words he portrayed the first and few succeeding days, back in '73, when he entered the novitiate in Canada. The glorious years of fruitful endeavor among the boys of Troy, and the more than twenty consecutive years of self-abasing service here at St. Ignatius he passed over with his customary modesty, merely remarking at the close that he expected to be busy for the next few years, but would like very much to see all present at his seventy-fifth anniversary which he had every intention of celebrating.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—*ON SOME APOSTOLIC WORK IN MANILA.*

In a series of lectures, twice a week in Santa Rita's Hall, which is a Boys' Dormitory, built by our Fr. Philip Finegan's collections, now the property of the diocese and in no wise under Jesuit auspices, thirty lectures were given with an average attendance of 120: 80 men and 40 women. This is not as good as it looks, for there are 287 men living in Santa Rita's Hall and 270 women in Normal Hall, which is not 200 feet away, and there are four other dormitories within easy walking distance.

For the Santa Rita Hall lectures 209 persons registered formally. The data on their registration cards show: 40 law students; 12 medical students; 20 pre-medical; 50 "Normal" students (teachers); 1 University teacher of psychology; 1 University teacher of pedagogy. The last two were at all the lectures. Most of the other registration cards show high school students. The average age of the men was about 23 years; that of the women was 20 years.

No prizes or presents or tokens or other such inducements to attend were given till after the twentieth lecture. After that on three occasions playful lotteries were held for simple and cheap prizes and some good pamphlets, such as "C. T. S." and "The Catholic Mind."

From information gathered in personal interviews and chatting with groups before and after lectures, it can be fairly stated that half of the men and one-third of the women had never been to Confession

and Holy Communion. And of the rest not half were receiving the Sacraments with any regularity, very many openly declaring that once a year was enough for them. There is an utter lack of instruction. Many came from provinces where there is no priest, or where one priest has ten to twenty thousand in a large parish of scattered barrios (native villages). Many have been for years under strong Aglipayan or Protestant influences.

It was to meet this religious mix-up and to study it and try and deal with it that the lectures at Santa Rita's Hall were taken up. In every lecture some topic of simple religious instruction was "induced" or "lumbered in" sometimes for as much as twenty minutes treatment. In this way Sin, Hell, Death, Judgment, were discussed in mission style at least five times; the Church and the use and need of the Sacraments at least a dozen times.

What were the results? The known results are very few; two who had lapsed and formally become Protestants returned to the Church; five or six made First Confession and Communion, and about ten began a regular use of the Sacraments. It is hoped that many had their eyes opened with regard to non-Catholic influences, and that a general impression was made towards quickening their appreciation of the one, true Church.

In another section of the city, to reach National University students, nine meetings were held for the girls with an average attendance of 80, and eight meetings for the boys with an average attendance of 35. The average age of these students was about 19 years. They were mostly National University High School students, who come from all the provinces and live in dormitories and in boarding houses in Manila. In this center Registration cards were filled out by 140 girls and show the following data:

Twenty professed no religion; 25 professed Aglipayan, baptized as such; 30 Catholics had not made First Confession; 28 had never confessed since childhood; 12 had never confessed after First Confession; 25 received the Sacraments more or less regularly.

Registration cards were filled by 55 men students and show about the same proportions in the findings, with this difference in the last item, that hardly any men could be said to be receiving the Sacraments regularly, and not fifteen attend Mass on Sundays.

In the neighborhood of the National University there are many public school children of primary grades. They crowded the church doors so much at the meetings of the grown-up students, that these little ones were organized for a meeting one day a week, on Friday. Several of the Friday meetings were held for the small children with an average attendance of 146, about half of them boys. Of these only 14 girls and eight boys had made their First Confession and Communion. More than half of them did not know how to bless themselves, and hardly any of them know even the Hail Mary. Not one-tenth of them attend Sunday Mass. Of course, they all call themselves Catholics and seem to look up to the Priest as Catholic children would, but one wonders whether half of them are baptized. And there is hardly any way of finding out, because so many of them are as indefinite on one coordinate as the bush children of Jamaica.

To get the National University students to attend these meetings it was necessary to stand in the street, catch them in groups and talk it up almost every school day for six weeks on real "Salvation Army" methods. The catches amounted to very little and the work was, indeed, very slow, when one remembers that there are 5,000 students at

National University. Thus the "Salvation Army" methods had to be tried upon them as they came pouring out of the N. U. building.

We held the meeting in a nearby Church of the Third Order, which a Recoletto Friar allowed us to use. In this connection it is worth recording that we attempted to organize such meetings in five other centers in Manlia, where there were thousands of students, boys and girls.

In three of these centers the only place possible for the meeting was a Church of the Friars. In all three cases, notwithstanding our plans and our pleadings, we were absolutely refused by the Friars, though their churches were idle at the hours when we could use them, and idle most of the rest of the time, too. This was brought to the notice of the Archbishop, who, though apparently indignant, could do nothing. In two other instances where the Sisters of a hospital graciously gave us the liberty of their large chapel, which opened on the street, we failed utterly. After no end of "Salvation Army" methods tried in the street on over 3,000 students, we succeeded in getting three boys, but not one girl could be induced to come to the Chapel.

The mental attitude of very many of these students is best shown by the fact that their questions and their difficulties are of the ill-willed Protestant type. In many cases it would seem that they have been "fixed up", prompted and coached by Protestants in the questions that come up. One begins to wish he had Bellarmine by heart on Luther, Melanchton, Calvin, Beza, etc. The old line-up of difficulties come up; but they are very hard to clear away for the Philippino, who has begun to take his little learning seriously, who can hardly spell his words let alone know what he is talking about, and who, though he won't come at all to any regular instruction such as Catechism No. 2, will come occasionally and in small groups with Protestant trash, that is, if you are gentle with him, and if you try something like "Salvation Army" methods to induce him.

For example, we have had Fourth Year High School boys and girls take us right along Bellarmine's line on the lies of Martin Kemnitz and "De Nomine Poenitentiae".

We have had the same thing on the Baptism of Infants—Bellarmine's line exactly.

An afterthought. Even in small-talk chatting with groups one must speak very slowly and very distinctly, using no word of more than three syllables and no sentence of more than nine words. Otherwise they "don't get you" at all.

Another afterthought. At the end of the school year in early March we tried a so-called "Retreat" on the National University students. One of us tried it in one Church with the boys, average attendance about 40, one talk a day and Benediction of Blessed Sacrament for five days. At the same hour in another church we had the girls; only 36 came. What result? As far as we know only one boy and twelve girls went to Confession, where the Retreat was given; though there is reason to believe that a few others received the Sacraments elsewhere.

COTABATO—*VACATION MISSION WORK.*

At the beginning of April there was a call for help from Cotabato, the land of crocodiles, and in the Moro country. Though quite a small place, it is the capital of the extensive province of that name. It is built by the waters of the Great Pulanqui, which splits into two

majestic branches some miles above the town. From Cotabato to the sea, the branches are connected by a network of broad, riverlike estuaries, by and between which live hundreds of families in happy and scattered seclusion. But gruesome are the tales of the audacious crocodiles, which emerge and seize the unwary. Some five miles across from Cotabato, on the southern branch of the river, stood once the orphanage, residence, nuns' house, and convert colony of Tamontaca, just below the hills of the Tirurayes. Now it is a scene of utter desolation. The church, which was a gem, still remains, and at the foot of one of its altars rests a silent guardian, Father Juanmarti, a man great in his day and not yet forgotten.

The patronal fiesta of Cotabato was celebrated at the end of April. The little town was thronged by Moros, who had come by official invitation. They were silent and ill at ease, away from their scattered huts; nor was much done by the Christians to amuse them. On account of the neighborhood and moral laxity of the Moro women, disorder is not unknown in this border settlement; and Freemasonry has captured here also the promiment officials: yet the fiesta was beautiful enough, with High Mass, a long procession, and many Holy Communions. It was a consoling manifestation of faith, which evidently survives in the midst of this Moro, Chinese, Freemason, and Catholic population.

Just now Cotabato Valley, with its broad-bosomed river, is becoming more important. The government is establishing Christian colonies, chiefly Visagan; which are gradually extending towards the Christian districts on the hills beyond the Moro dominion. The project is also entertained of bringing together in villages on the fertile lowlands by the river and the sea, the non-Christian tribes, which, being so established and with schools, will thus offer a more favorable field for mission labor.

ROME—*NEW HOME OF V. R. FATHER GENERAL.*

This new home will be only two blocks away from the Vatican. The corner stone has already been laid.

Father Aurelius Fajella has been appointed Postulator General of the causes of our Venerable and Blessed.

Very Reverend Father General has requested that all our priests offer up one Mass (first intention) and that all who are not priests receive one Holy Communion for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff in acknowledgment for the signal benefits which the Holy Father has conferred and is still conferring on the Society. In the last audience which Father General had with His Holiness, the latter recommended himself earnestly to the prayers of the members of the Society.

THE GREGORIAN UNIVERSITY SINCE 1870.

Now that the Gregorian University, Rome, has concluded the academic year of 1923 it is interesting to look back on its figures since 1870. This university, which is manned by the Company of Jesus, has within its halls seminarists studying Theology, Philosophy, Canon Law, etc., from every country in the world, which gives its registers a double interest. It has had two setbacks in its brilliant career, namely, that occurring in 1870 when the Pope lost the Temporal

Power, and that of 1914 when the World War broke out. Following are the statistics on its students

In 1869	the university	had	attending	711 students.
In 1870	"	"	229	"
In 1873	"	"	202	"
In 1876	"	"	305	"
In 1886	"	"	570	"
In 1890	"	"	807	"
In 1893	"	"	914	"
In 1905	"	"	1,025	"
In 1908	"	"	1,142	"
In 1913	"	"	1,107	"
In 1915	"	"	497	"
In 1917	"	"	369	"

The year of 1917 saw the low water mark caused by the war, for in 1919 the register totalled 738; in 1921, 995; and in 1923, 1,679.

A NOTE FROM CARDINAL BONZANO.

At the time of his elevation to the Cardinalate Rev. Father Provincial sent a cablegram of congratulation to His Excellency in the name of the Province. Father Provincial received the following reply:

"Rev and dear Father:—It is only because I have been extremely busy, that I have not sent you sooner a little word of thanks for your kind cable, which came to greet me on the very day of my elevation to the Sacred College.

"It touched me very much to have all of my Jesuit friends remember me and I send most sincere thanks to them all.

"Gladly do I send in return a most cordial blessing, while I recommend myself to your prayers.

"With all good wishes and kindest regards, believe me Rev. and dear Father,

"Sincerely yours in Christ,

"JOHN CARDINAL BONZANO."

SPAIN.

The following interesting notes are taken from the first number of the *Bombay-Poona Mission News:*

Fr. Cirera has given a lantern lecture on general culture in India and especially on our Bombay Mission, in the Royal Geographical Society of Madrid. Quite a good number of persons from the Royal Palace and some Ministers were seen in the auditorium. His lecture will be published in the Memoirs of the Society.

But his visit to the King is more interesting still. "I was received by the King yesterday," says he in a letter to our Father Superior, "with whom I was talking half an hour. He was astonished in the beginning on account of my beard, but afterwards he embraced me, ordered me to sit down and then took a great interest in all those things that concern India and the Philippines and in all our things. I gave him your respects. I was myself requested by Him to give to his children those little medals touched to the body of St. Francis Xavier. He ordered me also to give a lecture on India to the Crown Prince."

A second letter of his of June 20th to Very Rev. Fr. Superior runs as follows:—"Last Thursday, 15th, I paid a visit to the Crown Prince and *Infante* D. Jaime. First, I talked with the latter for awhile; he was then with the two Sisters (who teach him to speak) and I presented him with the little special medal touched to St. Xavier's foot, and he is now making the novena of Grace in order to get the power of hearing. We talked a great deal, and he remembered very well the visit you and myself paid him in London. Then I went to the Crown Prince's quarters accompanied by him; the Queen Mother, Maria Cristina, came also; and I gave them the requested lecture, after which several answers and many comments were made. It lasted almost one hour.

"The Queen Mother gave me an appointment for Sunday noon, and I then gave her the other medals for the rest of her grandsons and grand-daughters: Fr. Giménez who bought them has a good recollection no doubt. Nine medals are already given to the Royal Family: King and Queen, Queen Mother, and six children. I gave another one to the *Infanta* Isabel (the King's aunt). On St. John's day, which will be the last of the novena made by Don Jaime, the whole family will receive Holy Communion asking St. Xavier to obtain for him the power of hearing; if the miracle is worked, Don Jaime will ask the King for leave to make a voyage to Bombay and Goa to pay a visit to the Saint's body. It is very interesting, just now, that the arm of the Saint brought to Milan has cured a deaf-mute man."

WESTON—*DEPARTURE FOR WOODSTOCK.*

The month of June is always alive with the expectation of examinations. But for us its days held an added interest. Rumor for once had come true. For after Rev. Father Superior had summoned the second year men for a conference in the early days of June, we learned that the pioneer class of philosophers at our New England scholasticate would leave for Woodstock before the end of the month. We were sorry to lose them, but Weston's loss must be Woodstock's gain.

Their parting carries us through a year and a half to the New Year, which witnessed the opening of our new House of Philosophy. On January 2nd, 1922, with Father Superior and Father Richards here to welcome them, the first class of Philosophers saluted Fairview and joined with priests and brothers in making history for the Vice-Province. They were still with us on January 2nd, 1923, when Rev. Father Vice-Provincial attended our celebration of the first anniversary of the founding of Weston. But when examinations were over and the school year ended, they journeyed to Woodstock to complete their philosophical studies.

As we look back, the thought strikes us that they came hither in the snows of January and left in the blossoms of June. And this is a symbol of the spirit which they left behind them. For Fairview, under their influence, waxed ever stronger in the warmth of zeal and charity. May this spirit live forever! Our brotherly wishes attend them to their new home, where Woodstock spirit has grown sacred with the solemn flight of the years.

A Word of Thanks. The problem of our "Villa" was solved when Holy Cross made arrangements to accommodate our forty and more philosophers for the holidays. Weston, indeed, greatly appreciates the hospitality of Holy Cross as it did the hospitality of Boston College under similar circumstances a year ago.

First Year Philosophers. After the villa at Holy Cross the second year men returned to prepare the "Mansion" for its new occupants, the Rhetoricians, from St. Andrew-on-Hudson. Forty-four of them joined us on the evening of July 22d. So our community has once again doubled, though, since their arrival, two of their number have been sent to Canada and one to Spokane for philosophy.

Short Vacation Academies. Unusual success rewarded the efforts of Rev. Father Superior in his desire to make the customary academies as profitable as possible. French, German, Italian and Spanish with elementary and advanced divisions, were the languages taught, and every one was obliged to affiliate himself to one of these divisions. But the greatest success of all was realized in the splendid academy on elocution and preaching, conducted by Rev. William F. McFadden, S.J., a member of the mission band. Father McFadden began his course of twelve lectures on Aug. 7th, and addressed us almost daily until August 20th. After a preliminary talk on the sublimity of preaching as our greatest weapon in both the pulpit and the class-room, Father McFadden divided the remainder of the course into three subjects—"The Man", "The Matter" and "The Manner". His eagerness to help us in any way possible was an incentive both to our gratitude and to our zeal. An example of his interest in our improvement was the practical turn which he gave to the course of lectures by substantiating the theory with a little practice on our part. Every one was called upon to deliver an extract from some sermon or address, and later received a typewritten memorandum of excellent criticism and encouraging suggestions from Father McFadden.

The *New Water System.* Experts who have examined our new water supply system have had only the most favorable comments to make. The system was put into partial operation a few weeks ago and promises to be more perfectly developed before the end of the year. Three massive steel tanks with a combined capacity of twenty thousand gallons are housed in a well-built shed on the hill just across the road from Bapst. The shed has been set right in the crest of the hill, so that its sloping roof appears to be on a level with the crest, while entrance to the shed is gained through a door leaving off the slope of the hill.

The tanks are supplied from a well sunk in the valley below. In the immediate vicinity of this well is a much smaller shed which shelters the three powerful pumps connected with the system. Two of these are electric pumps and are operated alternately for one or many days at a time; this always insures perfect working order in one pump, in case the other should be temporarily incapacitated. Each electric pump has three pistons and supplies sixty gallons of water a minute. A third emergency pump, with a yield of seventy gallons and operated by kerosene engine, will tide us over any difficulty that may be experienced from the electrical system. The water is forced into the three tanks on the crest of the hill under a pressure of eighty pounds to the square inch. By means of a Curtis Reducer it issues from the tanks into the water mains at a pressure of sixty pounds to the square inch; however, in case of necessity this pressure can be increased to ninety pounds. This would yield a goodly stream of water from the new hydrants which have been placed around the grounds and are connected with the new system.

For the present the water is being pumped by the new electric engines, but we still receive the supply from the old gravity system. In other words, the water as it issues from the tanks is diverted into the lofty, wooden tank. But this is merely a temporary expedient. We

expect that a new well will be sunk in the fall, and then the Mansion and Bapst will be fed directly from the new tanks, while the White House and other smaller buildings will be fed by the old gravity system.

The New Building. The plans for our new scholasticate building have been approved by Very Reverend Father General. The detailed specifications will be ready very shortly. Contractors' bids will then be called for, and ground will be broken next spring as soon as weather conditions will permit.

WORCESTER—*HOLY CROSS COLLEGE. MAY TALKS.*

For many years the month of May has been marked by special observances on the part of the student body. This year, members of the Senior Class have followed the old custom of giving short talks during the evening chapel exercises. Each discourse has as its theme one of the ejaculations in the litany of the Blessed Virgin. Rev. Charles Kimball, S.J., who directs the services, has selected the best speakers of the Senior Class to address the students. Coupled with the May Talks, is the unique custom of wearing the purple be-ribboned May medal. This practice is almost universal among the students, and marks them everywhere as students of the "Cross" and children of Mary.

Mite Boxes. The record of Holy Cross generosity is written large in the history of the foreign missions. Recently over six hundred dollars was subscribed for Fr. Wennerberg, S.J., in Jamaica. In a slower and less heroic way, the students have been contributing to the various foreign missions through the medium of the Mite Box installed in the Office of Discipline. Together with the demerit book, the postoffice, and the study-hall, the Mite Box is one of Fr. Wheeler's special pets. A small cardboard Maryknoll Mite Box found its way into the old office of discipline a few days before Lent in 1920. It was immediately placed upon the prefect's desk and in the 37th edition of the News Sheet we read: "Each permission issued during Lent is expected to bring one cent to the box, payable on return after the permission has been enjoyed." So generous was the response that the box became a fixture and the establishment of the new office of discipline found a substantial metal box affixed near the Permit Desk. Since the days when the Mite Box was cardboard, and you gently tapped it when your permission left you broke, the box has received sixty-two thousand pennies. The Jamaica Mission, British West Indies, has received three hundred and seventy-eight dollars, and the Maryknoll, Southern, Negro and Indian, Philippine, Chinese, Japanese and German missions, the Propagation of the Faith, Techny Fathers and the Serbian and Russian relief funds have received sums varying from five to fifty dollars.

HOME NEWS.

Province Jubilarians of 1924. The members of the Maryland-New York Province, who will celebrate their golden jubilee next year, are: Father Edward F. X. Fink, January 5; Father Michael P. Hill, January 12; Father John H. O'Rourke, July 23; Brother John H. Hammill, August 10; Father Louis G. Bonvin, October 16.

New Dynamo Installed. For some years our corridor lights have been oil lamps. A few weeks ago the new dynamo arrived and we now have the necessary night lights furnished by the power from this smaller dynamo, which is in use from 10 P. M. to 5 A. M.

Visit of the Apostolic Delegate. On October 5, His Excellency Most Rev. Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi, paid his first visit to Woodstock. That evening he was the guest of the community at an academy given in his honor. The program was as follows: Overture, Lustspiel, *Keler-Bela*, orchestra; address, His Excellency, Mr. Harold V. Stockman; trio, Lift Thine Eyes—"*Elijah*", Mr. Charles J. Mahan, Mr. John H. Collins, Mr. William J. Hoar; poem, The Couriers of God, Mr. J. Gerard Mears; chorus, The Heavens Are Telling—*Beethoven*, Glee Club; address, The Woodstockians, Fr. Hugh S. Healy; finale, The Commander—*Hall*, orchestra.

Woodstock Faculty for 1923-1924. Father Peter A. Lutz, Rector; Father Francis L. Reilly, Minister; Father Edward C. Phillips, Prefect of Studies; Father George W. Wall, Pastor of St. Alphonsus Church; Father Michael J. O'Shea, Procurator and Assistant Pastor of the Church; Father Timothy B. Barrett, Spiritual Father. In the department of theology: Father Henry T. Casten, Dogma (Morning); Father Vincent A. McCormick, Dogma (Evening); Father Jas. T. Dawson, Dogma (Minor Course); Father John J. Lunny, Moral, Sacred Oratory; Father John T. Langan, Fundamental Theology (Morning); Father Charles G. Herzog, Fundamental Theology (Evening); Father Joseph W. Parsons, Fundamental Theology (Evening); Father William H. McClellan, Sacred Scripture, Hebrew; Father Hector Papi, Canon Law, Rites; Father Joseph M. Woods, Ecclesiastical History, Patrology, Sacred Archaeology, Editor Woodstock Letters and Teachers' Review,. In the department of Philosophy: Father William J Brosnan, Special Metaphysics in Third Year; Father Charles V. Lamb, Ethics; Father Daniel J. Callahan, Special Metaphysics in Second Year; Father James A. Cahill, Special Metaphysics in Second Year, Pedagogy, Assistant Editor of Teachers' Review; Father Francis E. Keenan, History of Philosophy, Sacred Oratory. In the department of Science: Father John A. Brosnan, Chemistry, Geology, Biology, Mathematics, Experimental Psychology; Father Henry M. Brock, Physics; Father Edward C. Phillips, Mathematics, Astronomy.

The Community. This year the Woodstock community numbers 268. Of these one is from the Province of Austria; seven from the province of California; four from the New Orleans Province; two from the German Province; one from the Province of Canada; two from the Mexican Province; one from the Province of Castile; one from the Missouri Province and three from the Province of Aragon.

Academies. The Theologians' Academy will hold its first meeting on October 25. The years' program is as follows: Dogma—Unitarianism, Fr. J. J. McGowan; Moral—Time for First Communion in Canon Law, Mr. T. Aug. Fay; Apologetics—Saint Thomas the Apostle of India, Fr. C. M. Roddy; Dogma: Suarez: *Confessio inter Absentes*, Mr. J. W. Moran; Moral: The Theology of Christian Perfection, Mr. J. J. Sullivan; Apologetics: The Doctrines of Mohammed, Fr. J. G. Daly; Dogma: Was Callistus a Reformer in the Penitential Discipline of the Church? Mr. J. Keep; Moral: The Moral Theology of Crime, Mr. J. J. Kelly; Apologetics: The Catacombs of Saint Callistus. Mr. J. H. Collins.

The Philosophers' Academy held its first meeting of the new year on October 17. The year's series of lectures and debates is given below.

Wm. James' Definition of Truth, Mr. N. J. Twombly; A Study of Poetry, Mr. W. L. Johnson; The Singular Concept, Mr. J. H. Guthrie; Chemistry and the Packing Industry, Mr. H. J. Anderson; debate,

Resolved: That the Creation of Catholic Courses of Study, especially of Philosophy, in our Secular Universities, along with the Erection of Catholic Dormitories is for the best interest of Catholic Education. Affirmative: Mr. J. J. McEleney, Mr. A. N. Glaser; Negative: Mr. J. M. Gavin, Mr. G. A. Zema. "Measuring Intelligence", Mr. M. J. Smith; Some Problems for Chemical Research, Mr. F. W. Power; Psychoanalysis and Scholastic Psychology, Mr. R. J. Dowling; debate, Resolved: That our High Schools would profit by the adoption of the Departmental System. Affirmative: Mr. J. A. O'Brien, Mr. E. B. Rooney. Negative: Mr. J. M. Marique, Mr. W. J. Ballou; The Concept of Man, Mr. H. T. Martin; Lithuania, Its People and Its Language, Mr. F. A. Hugal; Genesis of Socialism, Mr. F. J. Burke.

Ministeria Spiritualia Prov. Maryland.—Neo-Eboracensis, a die 1ª Julii 1922 ad diem 1ᵐ Julii 1923

DOMICILIA	Baptizati.	Conversi.	Confess.	Com tum.	Matrim. benedic.	Matrim. revalid.	Extrem. Unction.	Catecheses	Parati ad 1am Com.	Parati ad Confirm.	Exhortationes	Conciones	Exerc. Spir. Sacerd.	Exerc. Spir. Relig.	Exerc. Spir. Laicis.	Exerc. Spir. priv.	Mission. (quot hebd.)	Novenæ	Tridua	Visit. Nosoc.	Visit. Carcer.	Visit. Infirm.	Sodalitates	Sodales	Fordus SS. Cordis	Pueri in schol. paroch.	Puell. in schol. paroch.	Schol. Domin.
ALTIMORE, College and Church	52	35	83528	106120	32	3	36	214	27	40	575	82		9			8	12	4	250		1480	4	1695	1500			100
OSTON, COLLEGE	7	2	57963	50500	4		49	207			500	120	4	24	9				3	81	4	10	5	850	800			
" High School and Church	368	52	128777	295626	2		1761	177	135	175	789	109	2	25	4	4		5	7	1990		415	11	2426	1310			420
" St. Mary's	38	22	102044	100525	27	1	78	30	210	20	369	62				3		6	2	89	40	42	3	360	650	363	436	498
" Holy Trinity	79	9	41000	70500	59	4	64	500	48		260	60						2		53		610	4	1475	1500	270	250	
OWIE	58	6	9600	16000	10		24	18			96	10						1		6		92	3	52	60			130
ROOKLYN, College and Church	97	21	66077	56000	29	2	58	470	50		429	172		2	4	1		10	6	21	6	905	3	250	10750			300
UFFALO, CANISIUS COLLEGE	7	3	18737	79592		4	171	25	35		359	143		6	4				5	520	5	70	2	692	320			
" Canisius H. S. and Church	80	9	106358	155483	40	3	46	655	66	128	429	129		7	7		1	3	5	150	45	1000	7	3152	3450	135	125	75
" St. Ann's	172	13	67473	104125	90	9	92	1340	170		194	32		2				1		68	2	997	6	3000	1000	543	595	500
HAPLAINS—Blackwell's, Randall's and Ward's Islands, Long Island Hospital, Hospital, Woodhaven, N. Y.	221	63	44375	72592	2	5	3196	951	89	65	632	49		1				8	5	1495	377	18708	2	250	482			503
IAPTICO, MD.	193	9	23069	20500	31	2	69	125	269	662	394	60		1						8		262	4	470	800			600
CORGETOWN, COLLEGE	34	19	25444	104805	11	3	61	151	15	11	423	208	7	23	8		2	5	9	340	1	90	4	480	1228			
" Holy Trinity	175	35	50687	78500	86	4	204	46	145	40	303	117	2	3			2	4	5	136		512	5	790	1500	330	375	135
MAICA MISSION	2994	634	102664	337597	187	24	1069	1408	1376	1412	1771	806		9	5		5	12	2	187	150	2661	29	2040	5100	3000	3400	2099
RSEY CITY, College and Church	109	28	125000	50000	52	2	43	50	155	214	480	50		8	2		3	3	1	50		170	8	1540	3700	300	351	150
EYSER ISLAND			258	690							4									6								
ONARDTOWN	101	2	19950	50750	28		50	108	85		220	46				1		3		48	5	160	11	1240	500			365
SSIONARIES	199		249189	613055		97		792	313	269	3168	1173					138											
EW YORK, St. Francis Xavier's	153	28	113400	213000	116	5	310	126	168	287	1047	245		23	12		1	3	42	385		1140	9	2314	6250	456	440	80
" " Fordham	18	1	32799	98800	9		109	290			734	114		21	6	8	2	2	7	141	13	11	8	417	1100			
" " St. Ignatius Loyola's	332	25	116756	315000	220	7	188	211	174	242	499	108	9	16	9		4	6	11	75	50	2300	7	1213	2900	545	598	150
" " Church of the Nativity	279	2	30000	38000	111	5	95	600	578	650	300	100		1		4		10	8	40		140	8	500	1000			600
" " Kohlmann Hall	1		5261	13152			3	26			115	57	3	7	9	*28		1	20	10		18						
" " "America"	13	7	2598	4310	1		1	24			200	11		1	7				7	10	2	60						
ILADELPHIA, Gesù and College	233	63	187214	372850	73	39	270	568	352	451	642	229	4	9	9			8	5	1024		1942	12	3083	6285	525	520	1070
" St. Joseph's Church	122	67	85000	48200	77	14	52	165	230	225	508	109		6	6			24	3	120			1	120	1900	160	190	135
UGHKEEPSIE, ST. ANDREWS	34	5	37883	46377	7		453		9	15	346	70	1	6	7	30	21	2	6	673	204	45			70			32
DGE	67	4	11746	13400	16	3	32	403	172		272	71			1		11	1	1	9		187	7	265	250	121	174	255
THOMAS'	129	1	7847	8280	15	2	55				45	105						2			3		2	223	168			500
SHINGTON, College and Church	179	43	72970	130700	83	14	184	275	220	369	724	94	4	4	2			12	1	162	9	537	4	1150	5640	425	525	
STON	9		15000	4500		2	10				95	55		6	1		8	3	3	30		30						
ODSTOCK	83	2	57080	87386	21	4	49	8	11		502	115	4	18	15				5	36	1	46	2	137	164			160
ORCESTER	17		35467	54930	1		136	150			327	204		13			1		5	62	1		21	405	700			
NKERS	6	7	5035	31300			3	2080	7		760	38	5	9	12		3		2	20		180			54			
SUMMA	6659	1217	2138249	3843145	1440	258	9021	12193	5109	5275	18511	5153	45	260	139	79	210	149	180	8295	918	34820	192	30589	61131	7173	7979	8857

* Including Retreats to Laymen at Mt. Manresa.